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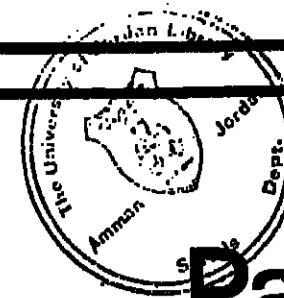
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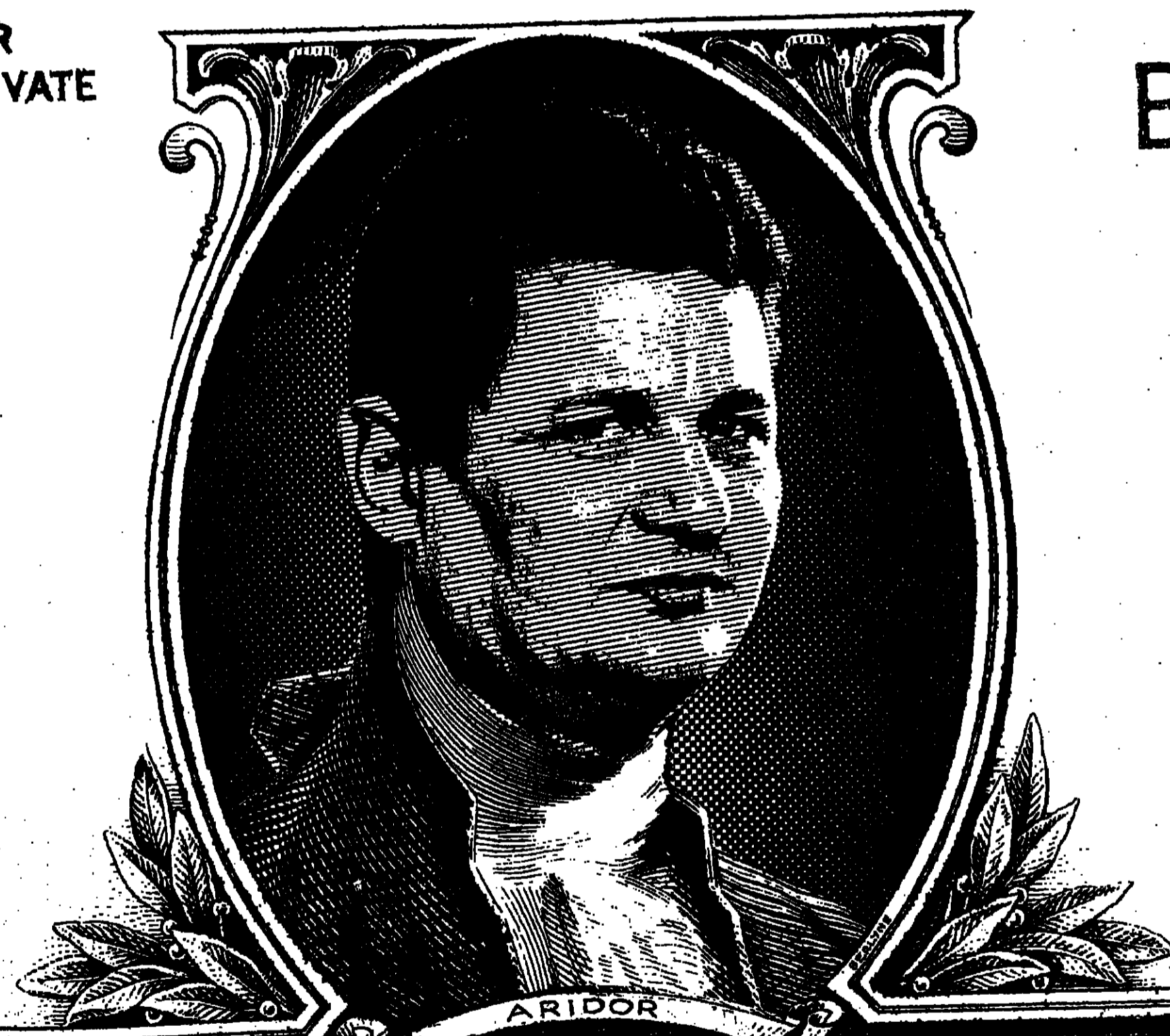
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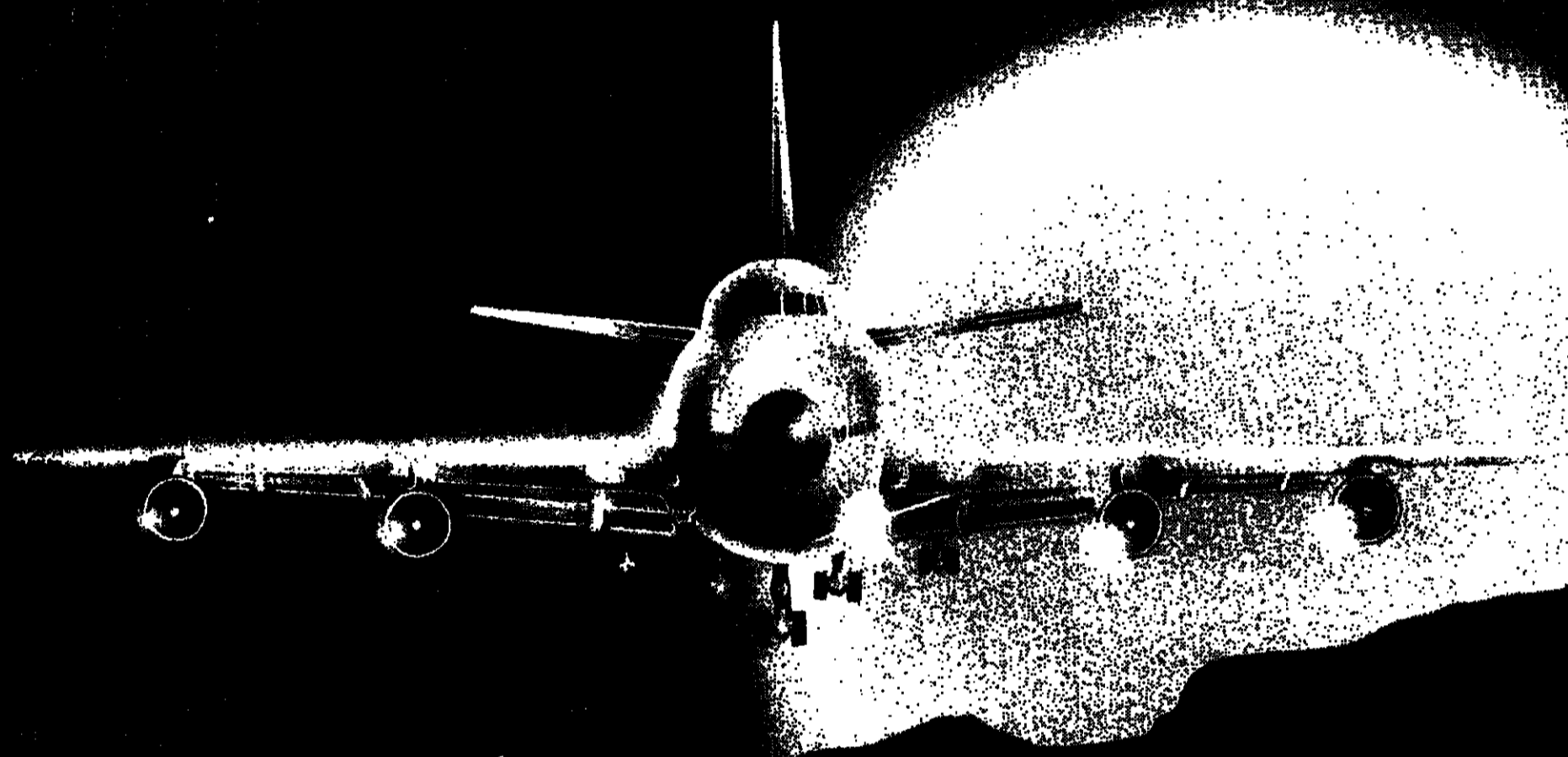
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### RESERVE

## IN THIS ISSUE



	Page
Mark Segal meets former deputy finance minister Yehzekel Flomin.	5
David Krivine sketches five different views on the West Bank impasse.	7
Abraham Rabinovich gets a new view on the Lachish Letters.	8
Haim Shapiro visits Nahal Amud.	9
Michael Bar-Zohar and Eltan Haber describe the killing of Ali Hassan Salameh.	10

	Page
With Prejudice, by Alex Berlyne.	12
The Art Page.	14
Marketing with Martha.	15
In the Poster Pullout — Theatre, by Uri Rapp	D

	Page
Rock, etc, by David Horovitz	E
Music and Musicians, by Eli Kavev	F
Haim Shapiro's Matters of Taste	G
TV-Radio Schedules	H
Chess, by Eliahu Shahaf	J
Bridge, by George Levinew	K
Philip Gillon's Telereview	L
The Book Pages.	M

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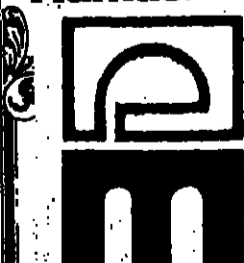
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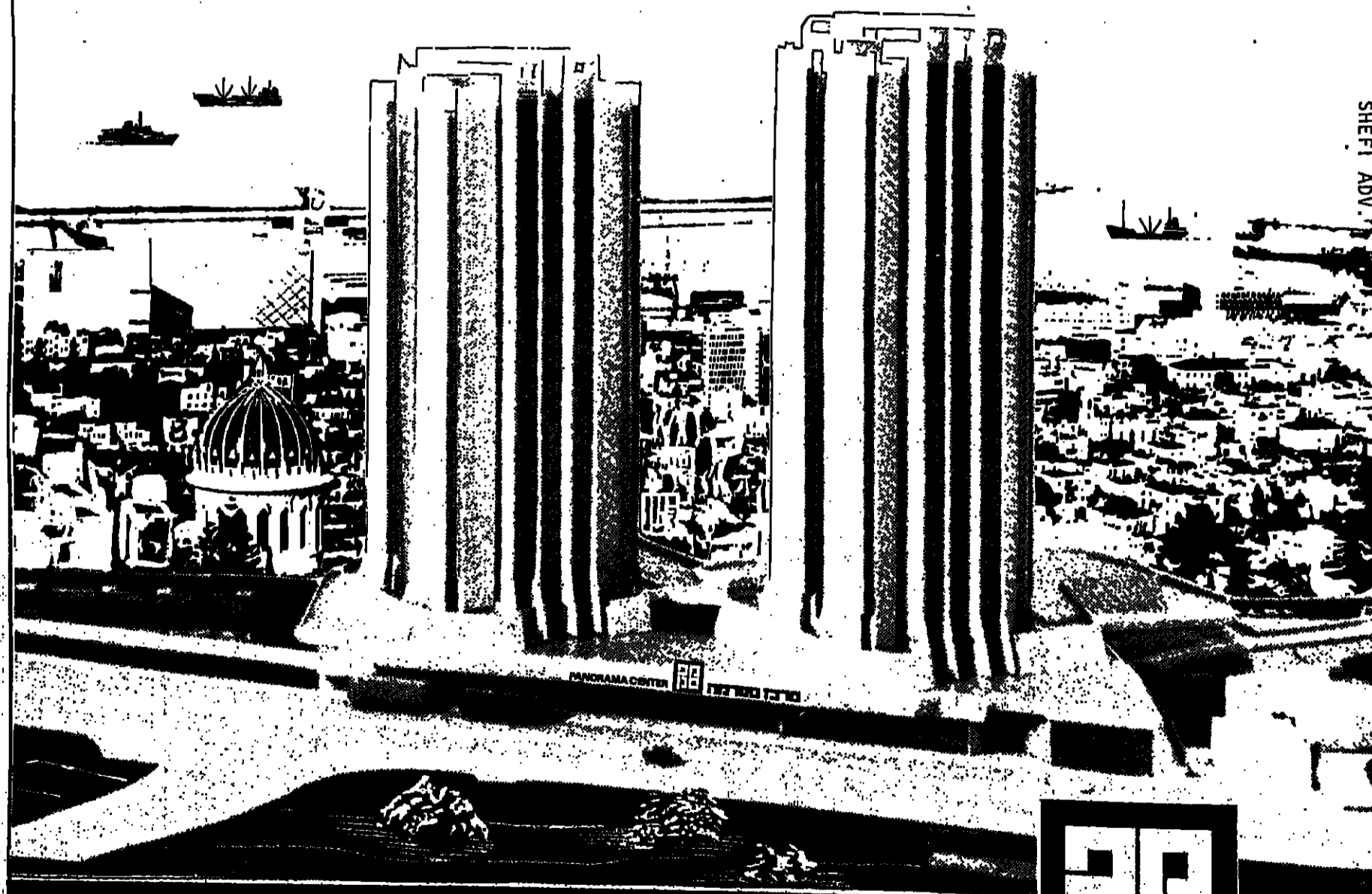
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# AFTER THE FALL



Flomin: 'The guts to admit failure.'

Yehzekel Flomin 'can't see how' Yoram Aridor can carry on. The former deputy minister of finance explains his views on the current financial crisis, in an interview with The Jerusalem Post's Political Correspondent MARK SEGAL.

"LACK OF government leadership and the banks' frantic efforts to artificially shore up the value of their shares caused the present crisis. It could have brought the country's entire banking system to collapse in under a fortnight," says Yehzekel Flomin, former deputy finance minister (1977-79), who quit in angry frustration over the incapacity of the Likud's first finance minister, the late Simha Ehrlich, to implement the 1977 economic changeover.

Flomin faults Finance Minister Yoram Aridor for his incapacity to communicate to the nation even the better notions of his advisers.

Although currently out of office, Flomin is still an influential figure in the Liberal Party. In his accountancy office in Tel Aviv, I found him as concerned as the rest of the country over the crisis of the bank shares. "It's a real tragedy," he says somberly, "because most households in Israel are involved."

Asked who is to blame, Flomin declares without hesitation: "The banks and the government share the guilt in equal parts." The banks are to blame because over a number of years they tried to best each other in a kind of "what-you-can-do-I-can-do-far-better" contest. They had competed in projecting an artificial picture of the performance of their shares. They did their best to top the inflation rate, so that if the index hit 130 per cent, their shares would reach 170 per cent. The inevitable result was that the market value of their shares was totally irrelevant to their actual value.

Compounding the situation, Flomin notes, was the domination of the Stock Market by bank officials serving as securities' counselors to their customers. "It's unclear whose interests were better protected — those of the buying public or those of the banks," he adds, with a touch of irony. The banks, he declares, created a time bomb that was sure to go off.

FLOMIN takes in his stride my question about the accountants' share of the blame, and whether they should have sounded the alarm. He explains patiently that accountants' responsibilities extend to the correctness of the banks' balance sheets. His colleagues, however, are not responsible for the validity of the picture presented. That is not their duty, which is limited to ensuring that no misleading information gets into the balance sheets.

Turning to the government's share of the blame, Flomin holds that the breaking-point came with the chaotic cabinet discussions on the budget and the economy prior to Menachem Begin's resignation, which many said contributed to his final despairing move.

"The moment the public saw the government deciding and not deciding, with each minister issuing conflicting statements, the result

was economic uncertainty, with the Treasury saying no devaluation one day, and on the next doing exactly the opposite.

"The public, realizing that the economy didn't have a trustworthy, guiding hand on the wheel began to flee to the dollar. A chain reaction set in. People began selling bank shares in order to buy dollars. They had believed in those profitable shares because they were supported by the banks. The result was tremendous pressure on the banks, which found it necessary to buy large quantities of foreign currency abroad in order to underpin their share levels. But the process had already gone too far, and in their panic they rushed to the Treasury for succor."

Flomin goes on to speak of the government's "contributory responsibility," because its lack of leadership had created a climate of uncertainty. Panic was caused by the measures taken by the banks to provide artificial support for their shares. He concedes that the government might well be held to blame for not having signalled earlier on to the banks to slow down in their stock manipulation.

AND WHAT OF Moshe Mandelbaum, the Governor of the Bank of Israel? Doesn't he also bear part of the blame for letting things get out of hand?

Flomin: "It's a thought. Perhaps the governor should have stepped into the picture at a much earlier stage. He might have intervened at the moment when the banks started supporting their shares beyond their real value. After all, it was clear to most observers that the banks would not be able to keep up their race very long. If the governor did intervene at any stage, he did not do so very effectively. Beyond the governor's role, if it had not been for the climate of instability fostered by the government, the banking shares' time-bomb could have been defused gradually."

The government should have avoided the gross mistake it made in September 1982 when the program of Aridor's aide, Dr. Yakir Plesner, was introduced, but only some of the proposals were implemented. Thus the monthly 5 per cent devaluation was adopted, but not the cuts in government spending, nor what Flomin calls "controlled unemployment." Inflation, contrary to the Treasury's expectations, continued to rise, with the government "printing money like crazy."

Flomin believes that "under the given circumstances," there is no alternative for the government but to bail out the banks. "What's most important is to protect the average saver from being hurt."

WHAT WORRIES him above all is the great damage wrought to the credibility of the entire system. The government led people to believe in the institutions and in the men run-

ning them: "Now this trust has been broken," he declares sadly.

He also fears that the entire savings ethos may have been irreparably damaged. He waxes angry: "The government's dithering and impotence brought the crisis about. They've revived the black market on Rehov Lilenblum. What it means is that all those people who ignored Aridor's advice and treated his cautionary tales with scepticism and broke the law by buying dollars illegally have now been rewarded."

Flomin, like so many others, also bought bank shares. "What else could I do to protect my savings? I, too, regarded the banks as the most solid of financial institutions," he declares. "Our children have now learned that honesty is not always the best policy. They may well draw the conclusion from the present crisis that they should not grow up to be suckers."

SOON AFTER Yehzekel Flomin was born in Jerusalem 48 years ago, his father, a Jewish Agency official who came on aliya in 1925 from Poland, moved with his family to Tel Aviv. Yehzekel attended Balfour Primary School and City High School Aleph and joined the scouts. After completing his army service, he studied law at the Tel Aviv extension of the Hebrew University, which was later incorporated into Tel Aviv University. He turned to accountancy after completing his law studies. He finds that the combination of the two areas of expertise has opened up interesting professional opportunities.

Flomin remains a not very active member of the Liberal Party in Ramat Hasharon, where he was formerly branch boss. His 30 years' membership of the General Zionists/Liberal Party was topped by eight years in the 7th and 8th Knessets and two years as a deputy minister. He is still on the party's national executive. But he has few illusions about his party.

Did he have any regrets about resigning from government? Flomin laughs and says: "My late grandfather must have been watching over me the day I resigned. I certainly got out in time. I couldn't take it any more, how the government was incapable of adopting a timetable for implementing its declared policies. They lacked the courage to swallow the medicine they had prescribed as part of the mahapach to cure the economy."

He had been bitterly disappointed in Ehrlich, who had pointed in his achievements of his first year in office by avoiding any confrontation with his fellow ministers. Flomin resigned in July 1979, and joined the campaign to bring down Ehrlich, who quit in November.

He still believes in the original aims of the mahapach, which they had adopted only in part, failing to cut government spending. The same could be said of Aridor — the blame

in his case, as in that of the previous two Likud finance ministers, must be placed at the door of the politicians, not the ministry professionals, Flomin declares.

He has only the highest praise for Ehrlich's successor, believing that Yiguel Hurvitz had been heading in the right direction, just like Ehrlich in his first year in office. Flomin sees the Likud burying what is left of the mahapach: "They've already reversed half our liberalization, and it seems that the rest is also doomed."

ISN'T IT TIME the banks are barred from dealing in shares, leaving that business to the brokers?

Flomin shakes his head: "It's a very touchy business. If we were to remove the banks in one fell swoop, the Exchange would collapse. It might work if their role is restructured over a two-year period, so as to eliminate their present conflict-of-interest situation. But the trouble is that, due to our raging inflation, we don't have preferred shares offering a stable income of say 12 per cent per annum on one's investment. In Israel, you don't earn from dividend payments but from capital — hence capital gains take first place and are not secondary as in other countries."

COMMENTING on Aridor's latest moves, Flomin hopes they were "really and truly" part of a properly thought-out overall plan. "I share the widespread conviction that not enough has been done," he declares. "We should soon see whether it was only a rear-guard action, aimed at stemming the breach in the Treasury's defences." To his mind, Aridor's steps will not prove of much value if they are not ac-

companied by drastic cuts in government spending and pruning of overstuffed government departments.

The former deputy finance minister is upset at the way Aridor's methods have revived the black market in dollars. "For the past six years there was no black market. We did away with it in 1977, it was supposed to be an irreversible process," he remarks sadly.

How could it be eliminated? "First of all Aridor's director-general Ezra Sadan should stop making declarations, like his latest promise that the devaluation process has not yet ended. He has thereby caused unrest and instability and expectations of further lack of stability. After all, Aridor and company have proved that whoever became panicky, profited — whether by buying black market dollars or rushing to buy products before the prices went up. For the life of me, I simply cannot grasp why Aridor had to announce in the morning that prices would go up that night. Does he lack all imagination and understanding of psychology?"

The crisis had reached its present proportions partly because of Aridor's personality problems, says Flomin, after I challenged his charitable approach to the minister and his belief that he can carry on after such a monumental failure.

"You know, if he were a braver man, he might have carried it off. If he would have gone on TV on Sunday and made a confession like 'I made an experiment. I tried my best, in all honesty, I thought it was for the country's good. I didn't expect that it would not work out as it has.' That kind of courageous confession might have had a positive effect on public opinion."

"You see," Flomin says, "I do think he's properly equipped for the job. He has the right background and education and is a shrewd politician, and has a quick grasp of issues. However, I agree that he breaks down when it comes to communicating his ideas to the public. Aridor and his aides fail to realize that economics without psychology simply won't work."

He had become less charitable to Aridor over the past few days. Why? "At first I thought he would really do something. Obviously we all expected him to cut into the flesh, but not to twist the knife in such a way."

"It seems he hasn't got the guts required to admit his failure. I was bitterly disappointed as many others at his dodging his guilt on Tuesday night's *Mabat*. I can't see how he can carry on."

What about Ezer Weizman as a finance minister? "I don't think that Weizman is equipped to deal with economic problems," says Flomin. "Charisma is not enough." But, he adds, "it doesn't matter who they replace Aridor with, as long as they get him out."

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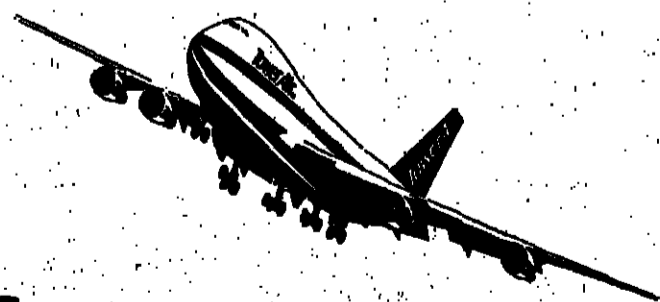
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NOTHING IS HAPPENING in the West Bank. The peace process is at a standstill. The clauses in Camp David providing for negotiation and the creation of Arab autonomy are in suspense.

Several interpretations exist for this paralysis. One is that the kind of autonomy the Likud government has been ready to grant is not negotiable. The authorities want to retain Israeli sovereignty over the administered areas, which means that Arab autonomy would be confined in effect to municipal affairs.

No section of Arab opinion will accept that, so the bargaining process scheduled in the Camp David agreement is stillborn. The two sides do not meet because there is nothing to talk about.

Given that autonomy in its Likud version is proving non-negotiable, hard-liners are able to go one step further. They conjure up ideas which would have been considered unutterable previously, such as: who needs negotiations anyway?

They do not reject out of hand the proposition that Israel's dispute with the Arabs must be settled by peaceful means; they merely make the best of a bad job. The Arabs cannot talk to us, they point out, because the autonomy we offer is not the autonomy they have in mind. They want statehood, and we cannot grant that.

Every cloud, however, has a silver lining. The PLO holds the view that talking with the Jews would mean recognizing Israeli sovereignty in part of Palestine, which is to them unthinkable.

That argument can be turned the other way. Talking to the Arabs would open the door to a bid for Arab sovereignty in part of Palestine which, in the view of right-wing Herutniks, is equally unthinkable.

Absence of dialogue means a perpetuation of the status quo. The peace-making objectives spelled out in Camp David are not advanced — but is that altogether bad? Not all stalemates are counter-productive. This one leaves Israel in charge.

The authorities are free to plant Jewish settlements where they please. A process of creeping annexation takes place, which may end up with Jewish statehood as a fait accompli right up to the historic borders of Eretz Yisrael on the Jordan River.

If there is no peace — something that, according to the hawks, the Arabs will never consent to on any terms consistent with Israel's survival — there will at least be security.

THIS IS NOT the development that the signatories of Camp David had in mind: peace was to be attained through dialogue. But with whom? The PLO spurned Camp David, and Jordan deferred to that radical organization. Arab leaders in the territories likewise bowed to the PLO because it held the purse-strings, its finger was on the gun-trigger, and it had the support of the Arab powers.

In 1976 Prof. Menahem Milson was appointed adviser on Arab affairs to the Military Government, and in November 1981 became head of the Civil Administration in Judea and Samaria. Up to that time, since 1967 (when Moshe Dayan was defence minister), the policy had been non-intervention in Arab affairs. If the mayors were men who supported the PLO, that was their business.

Milson disagreed. He saw the struggle with the PLO as primarily political and ideological, rather than military. How, he asked, could

Everyone agrees that the autonomy process is at a standstill, virtually no one agrees on why. The Post's DAVID KRIVINE gets a handful of views on the reason for the impasse.

## WEST BANK ROADBLOCKS



Israel create conditions enabling Palestinians to free themselves from the PLO's obsolete orthodoxy and to cast off its stranglehold?

In June 1977 Mustafa Dadein, an Arab leader ready to stand up to the PLO, came up with an idea: the creation of Village Leagues. They would engage in rural development, the point being that they would be independent of the established Arab power centres. They would provide the basis for a new political orientation.

Milson encouraged this development, with the tacit approval of the then defence minister, Ariel Sharon. The two left their posts after the Lebanese war, though for different reasons. The Begin government's initial refusal to countenance a commission of inquiry into the Sabra and Shatila massacres was for Milson the last straw. He concluded that his policy of building up relations with the Arabs with a view to negotiating autonomy was not the policy of this government. And he resigned.

After he went, the Village Leagues were actively discouraged, to the point that Dadein demonstratively resigned from heading the organization. Mohammed Nasser, head of the Hebron Village League, was forcibly removed from his post. His proposal to create a "Palestinian Democratic Peace Movement" espousing Camp David was frustrated by Milson's successor, Shlomo Ilia.

But that is not the end. A small new movement has arisen in Israel called "The Way to Peace," headed by kibbutzniks who believe that Israel must create a political dialogue with the Palestinians in the territories.

This brings us to a third interpretation of the holdup in Israel's contacts with the West Bank, which is given voice by Milson himself. The mistake of the authorities, in his view, is to confuse the PLO with the Palestinians. The PLO are intractable, he is the first to admit it; and many Palestinians support the PLO — but not all of them, he insists, and not to the same degree.

The PLO are able to impose their views throughout the administered territories, partly because their chauvinistic ideology is popular, and partly because Arab governments provide them with a lot of money — and partly because the Israelis, in their search for "authentic" representatives of the Arab community, put up with the PLO as something approaching that definition. The Military Government does not cultivate other opinion-groups or alternative ideologies.

Are the Village Leagues the answer? Milson concedes that they cannot measure up to the PLO in power and influence, but everything has its beginnings. Peace must be the ultimate objective, it cannot be achieved without negotiation. There must be someone to negotiate with, if not today then tomorrow.

The most rigid orthodoxies get eroded, he points out. Who thought that Sadat would ever come to Jerusalem and sign a treaty of peace with the Jewish state? A similar transformation can occur in the West Bank. We must believe it because it is the only way to peace. We must make it happen, by enacting the appropriate policies.

KNESSET MEMBER Yehuda Perah of the Likud agrees with that, and also disagrees. His opinion provides a fourth interpretation of the events we are examining. The present government, he insists, remains steadfast in its desire to apply the provisions of Camp David in full. The search for a partner at the negotiating table continues. Two factors explain the seeming lack of progress.

One is that the Village Leagues were blown too big in Sharon's time, and expect too much in terms of power, status, funds. Their importance has been exaggerated, they are being cut down to size. They are not rejected, Perah stresses, but being small fry they cannot be treated as a major political force in the West Bank.

Besides, he goes on, organizations like the Village Leagues are

not enough. Israel needs the participation of the Jordan government as co-signatory to any autonomy agreement. Jordan shows a low profile at the moment and leaves the running to the PLO. Israel must make contact with those elements in the occupied areas which favour a link with Jordan; and there are such elements — outside the Village Leagues.

They are more important and influential than the Village Leagues, although, like King Hussein, they currently manifest a low profile and, for lack of an alternative line, comply with the prescriptions of the PLO. Still, Israel is in active contact with whoever can be approached.

Perah cites the distractions of the Lebanese war as another reason for delay in the search for a colloquium with the Arabs over power-sharing. Now that Israel's forces have withdrawn behind the Awali River, and as the conflict within Lebanon dies down, he believes that more will be heard again about normalization, autonomy and the peace process.

YET ANOTHER interpretation can be found of the near-total freeze in deliberations about the future of the West Bank and Gaza. It is given utterance by Knesset Member Mordechai Gur, former chief-of-staff and a leading figure in the Labour Party.

He conveys the impression that the people who are ready and willing to apply the Camp David provisions are not Perah's Likudniks, who negotiated those provisions, but the Labour Alignment who sit in the opposition.

Camp David created, he says, a triangular framework for the settlement of the West Bank problem. Its tips are Israel, the Palestinians and the Jordanian government. Whoever accepts the need for that tripartite involvement will encourage the emergence of leaders in the administered areas — men like Elias Frey of Bethlehem and Rashid Shawa of Gaza, who, though they have to keep mum as long as PLO policy has Hussein's backing,

recognize the need for a link with Jordan.

But suppose Jordan won't cooperate. Is it possible to hold a dialogue with the Palestinians alone? It is possible, says Gur, but dangerous. Even the most moderate Arab group will demand self-rule, with a view to achieving sooner or later — in the absence of Jordan's intervention — independent Palestinian statehood; which the Israelis abhor.

There are two options then, not three. A bilateral arrangement with the Palestinians alone is not on the agenda. The choice is between the Camp David triangle, which Gur supports, and outright annexation which, as he sees it, is (despite Perah's denial) the aim pursued by the Begin-Shamir-Arens administration.

They refrain from developing links with any group, extreme or moderate, who would oblige negotiations with binding results. Hence the cold-shouldering of the Village Leagues.

What about the autonomy to which Israel is committed? Gur explains: if the Jordanians come in, autonomy has to be negotiated. If they do not, the territories are going to be gradually annexed *de facto* — and then what arrangements are made for delegating powers to the local residents is a domestic matter.

Gur is a hard bargainer. He believes in making concessions, provided they are matched by substantial concessions from the other side. "During 1971/72, before the Yom Kippur war, I believed we should withdraw from the Suez Canal — sufficiently to let the Egyptians acquire a foothold on the east bank. After the war, in 1975, when the interim agreement was negotiated, I suggested a withdrawal not just to the Gidi and Mitla passes, but all the way to El Arish."

"But in 1977 I opposed giving up all of Sinai for a peace treaty with Egypt. I thought we should retain the Yamit zone and the airfields. That last stretch, vital to us, should have been kept as a last counter, to be surrendered only in exchange for a general peace treaty with all our Middle Eastern foes."

Thus it is with the Palestinian territories. The Arabs want peace and security, the Jews want peace and security. It is possible to supply the one in return for the other. This requires negotiation — but with elements in the Arab camp that can supply the *quid pro quo*.

The Palestinians alone cannot do it, but the Palestinians and the Jordanians together can. Negotiations should be with both groups together.

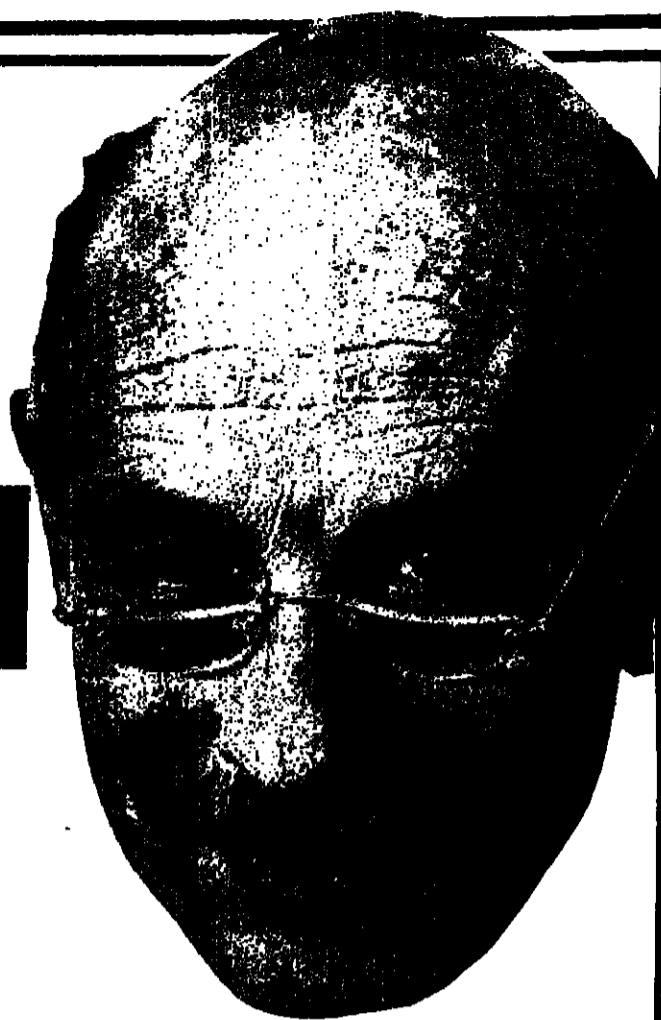
FIVE VIEWS prevail: the centrist view that negotiation is impossible because the Arabs won't talk; the far-right view that negotiation is undesirable because the status quo provides a satisfactory situation of *de facto* annexation; the Milson view that the moderates will talk and that contact should be sought with them; the official Likud view that efforts at negotiation will be resumed, but not with the Village Leagues whose importance has been overrated; and the Labour view that negotiations ought to take place with Palestinians and Jordanians together.

Meanwhile there are no negotiations — a situation of deadlock which, if prolonged, will play into the hands of the second group, the right-wing extremists of Gush Emunim, who see no point in negotiation, preferring a unilateral extension of Israeli rule over the disputed areas. □

Menachem Milson, Motta Gur and Yehuda Perah: explaining the lack of progress.



# A NEW LOOK AT LACHISH



Azekah; for these alone remained of the cities of Judah as fortified cities."

The sherd was written by one Hoshai, who, Tur-Sinai suggested was the commander of an outlying unit, to Ya'ush, whom he identified as the commander of the Lachish garrison. On the basis of another sherd, Tur-Sinai ventured that Hoshai's outpost was at Kiryat-Yearim — today's Abu Ghosh — near Jerusalem.

The sherd did not mention Kiryat-Yearim, but it did refer to the activities of an unnamed prophet. They strongly resemble an incident described in Jeremiah 26, involving King Jehoiakim and the prophet Uriah from Kiryat-Yearim.

Just 113 years before, the Assyrian army under Sennacherib had laid siege to the key fortification of Lachish and destroyed it after a fierce battle, immortalized in the Lachish reliefs found in Sennacherib's palace in Nineveh. This time, the Babylonian juggernaut would likewise destroy Lachish and go on to accomplish what Sennacherib had failed to do — destroy Jerusalem and the First Temple.

THE PICTURE that emerged from Tur-Sinai's publication of the Lachish messages was of a junior officer commanding a detached outpost in the hills, reporting to his commander — in extremely deferential language — the inexorable approach of the Babylonian war machine. The beacon of Azekah, just a few kilometres north of Lachish at the entrance to the Elah Valley, has been snuffed out. Lachish's turn must be next and then the Jerusalem approaches.

It is a vivid and touching picture, but one that Yadin, for more than a decade now, has found difficult to accept. He was a student of Tur-Sinai's and regards him still as one of the greatest biblical scholars of our time. But after rereading all the material on the subject, including Tur-Sinai's own writings, his doubts only deepened.

It was Tur-Sinai himself who first aired some of the difficulties in his original publication. Many of the Lachish messages are duplicated. In addition, the messages found in the guardroom were apparently written by the same hand on sherds broken off from the same pot.

It would seem unusual to find, at the recipient's end, a collection of letters of such an identical origin. Tur-Sinai offered two possible explanations: either that Hoshai, fearing that the letters might not get through, sent out several copies simultaneously; or that he was so perturbed by the situation that he dashed them off every hour or so, using the same pottery vessel as writing material.

The messages are also incomplete, and only one — number four — even includes the name of the sender. This might be explained by their being urgent messages written in haste.

YADIN did not find these explanations convincing. Furthermore, he had other questions of his own. One message says, "I was told the commander in chief went to Egypt." Number four refers to the system of signalling.

"These are top military and state secrets," says Yadin, a former Israeli chief of staff. "These wouldn't be sent in the open, on ostraca." It was in fact the practice to send important messages on papyrus, not clay ostraca, notes Yadin.

Furthermore, the subservient form of address — "who is thy ser-

vant but a dog" — is a formula used in the Bible for addressing royalty or the deity, not garrison commanders.

When two years ago Yadin left the government in which he had been deputy prime minister, the Lachish Letters were among the long-deferred archaeological problems to which he addressed himself. What began to gel was the notion that the messages on the sherds were not actual letters, but drafts of letters to be copied later onto parchment. Not incoming mail then, but drafts of outgoing mail. This would explain the duplications, the incompleteness, the fact that so many written sherds from the same pot were in one place.

This place was not merely a city gate, but part of a bastion which Starkey thought might have served as the headquarters of the military commander preparing for the battle with Nebuchadnezzar's hordes.

The current excavator at Lachish, David Ussishkin, also believes this area was a bastion, says Yadin. If this interpretation is correct, Hoshai was not a young lieutenant out in the hills faithfully reporting to his commander at Lachish, but the commander himself. As for Ya'ush, to which the messages were addressed, Yadin says, "I believe he was a very high official in Jerusalem, perhaps the son of the king."

The Lachish Letters, then, while they might not be actually letters, are even more interesting historically in the Yadin interpretation in being copies of state messages from a senior commander in the field to the seat of power — perhaps the chief of staff — in Jerusalem.

But what of sherd number four and the beacons of Lachish, which Hoshai says he is watching for? This sentence clearly indicates that the writer is outside Lachish looking towards it.

Yadin's answer is that Tur-Sinai's translation, whose spirit has been faithfully followed by all other translators, is simply wrong. Tur-Sinai translated *shumim el* as "watching for." Yet the one and only biblical usage of the same root, *shmr* with the preposition *el*, gives a very different meaning. I Samuel 26, 15-16, describes how David stole into Saul's camp and made off with the king's spear. David then taunts Abner, the king's military chief, for failing to "watch over" Saul, using the *shmr* root and *el*. That this is the meaning is unmistakably clear from the context.

"The ostraca should be read 'We are tending or watching over the beacon of Lachish,'" says Yadin. Although the exact signal system of the time is not known, Yadin notes that smoke by day and fire by night was the common way of signalling in antiquity. In an 18th-century BCE inscription found at Mari in Mesopotamia, there is a detailed outline of a signal system of one or more beacons, indicating such things as whether an enemy is approaching or retreating.

Tur-Sinai, who knew the Bible by heart, according to Yadin, simply overlooked the Davidic usage of *shumim el* as he mustered arguments to support his belief that the ostraca were indeed the Lachish Letters, as he had labelled the inscribed sherds.

If Yadin is right, they are the scratch pads of a general rather than the letters of a lieutenant. Their sense of urgency is not diminished by this, nor by the 25 centuries it has taken for them to be delivered to Jerusalem, where they are displayed in the Rockefeller Museum.

It took 25 centuries for Hoshai's letters to get from Lachish to Jerusalem. And historians who studied the messages half a century ago may have misread them, says Yigael Yadin. The Jerusalem Post's ABRAHAM RABINOVICH reports.

READING between the lines of the so-called Lachish Letters, one of the most famous written communications from the biblical period ever found, Professor Yigael Yadin has come up with a new theory, which suggests that previous scholars misread the missives' address and miscalculated their historical weight.

The discovery of the Lachish Letters in 1935 was one of the most sensational finds in biblical archeology. The 18 inscribed pottery sherds

— three more would be found in 1938 — uncovered by the British archaeologist J.L. Starkey in the remains of a guardroom next to the city gate were dramatic bulletins from a First Temple period war front.

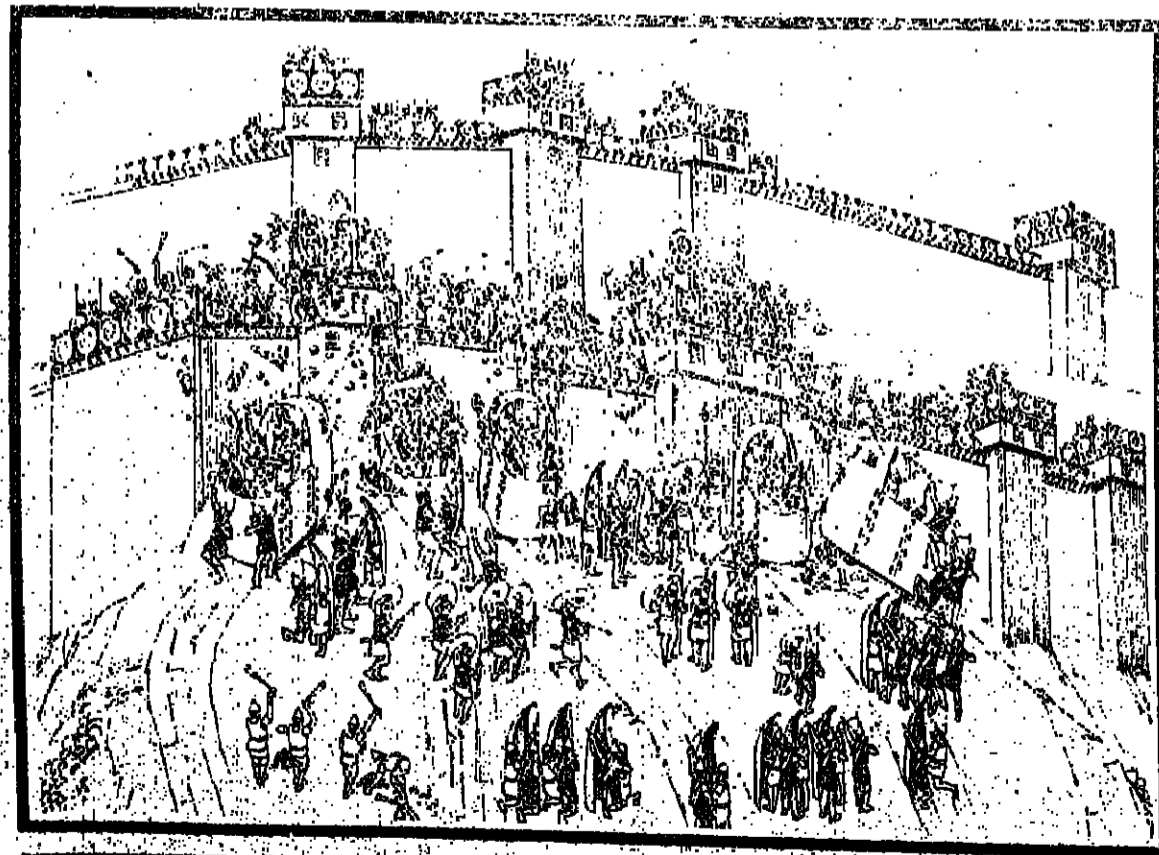
Found in the layer of ash marking the destruction of the city by the Babylonian King Nebuchadnezzar in 588 BCE, the sherds imparted a poignant sense of the impending holocaust.

As translated for Starkey by

Professor H. Tur-Sinai of the Hebrew University, sherd number four reported: "We are watching for the fire signals of Lachish, according to all the signs my lord gave, because we do not see Azekah."

What made this sentence so vibrant was its echo of the passage from Jeremiah 34, 7: "...when the king of Babylon's army fought against Jerusalem, and against all the cities of Judah that were left, against Lachish, and against

(Below) Drawing of the siege of Lachish. (Above) Yigael Yadin.



PAGE EIGHT

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1983

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PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

## POST PULLOUT GUIDE

### The Poster

#### MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

##### Jerusalem

**DUETS** — For cello and flute; cello and contrabass. With Moshe Friedman, cello; Orna Cogan, flute; Sully Davis, contrabass. Works by Vivaldi, Bach and others (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

**CARMINA DURANA** — By Carl Orff. Conducted by Franz Lamprecht. With the Hidden Orchestra and the Düsseldorf Choirs, Germany. Arrangement for 2 pianos and 5 percussion instruments. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow)

**CHURCH CONCERT** — With Eitan Bezalet, trombone; Li'or Freund, organ. Works by Bach, Vivaldi and Lutoski. (Finnish Church, 25 Shvita Street, tomorrow)

**THE ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA** — Conducted by Uri Segal in conjunction with the Israel Chamber Orchestra. Programme: Brahms' War Requiem. (Bimenes Ha'uma, tomorrow)

**VIOLA AND PIANO CONCERT** — With Pierre Henri Xuereb, viola; Irit Rub-Shteyn, piano. Programme: J.S. Bach: Sonata in G Minor for Viola and Piano BWV 1029; Brahms: Sonata for Viola and Piano Op. 129 No. 1; Hindemith: Solo Sonata for Viola (1937); Britten: Lachrymose Op. 48 for Viola and Piano (Reflections on a Song of Dowland). (YMCA Auditorium, Sunday)

**THE JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA** — Conducted by Gary Bertini. Soloist: Krystian Zimerman (piano). Programme: — Amil Mayany: Scherzo Mediterraneo (first performance); Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 1; Brahms: Symphony No. 1. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday through Tuesday)

**JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA** — Special concert to commemorate the rescue of Danish Jewry in 1943. Conducted by Ole Schmidt. Soloist: Herman D. Koppel (piano). Programme: — Amil Mayany: Scherzo Mediterraneo; Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 3; Mahler: Symphony No. 5. (Jerusalem Theatre, Thursday)

**ORGAN RECITAL** — BACH + ONE VII — Elisabeth Koloff plays works by J.S. Bach and Georg Bach. (Redeemer Church, Old City, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

##### Tel Aviv area

**THE CAMERATA TRIO** — With Eli Hefetz, clarinet; Emanuel Gruber, cello; Michael Boguslavsky, piano. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

#### FOR CHILDREN

##### Jerusalem

**THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO** — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

**THE PATH BEHIND THE SHADOW** — Puppet theatre for age 3 and above. The story of a kind monster (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

**SCENT OF COOKING** — Puppet theatre for age 5 and above. (Train Theatre, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

##### Tel Aviv area

**FAMILY FUN** — Including tricks by chim-

#### DANCE

##### Jerusalem

**THE JOYCE TRISLER DANCE COMPANY** — Contemporary works by this New York-based company; works by Joyce Trisler, Milton Myers and Gray Veredon. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

**PIANO AND FLUTE CONCERT** — With Naomi Lev, piano; Arel Talmi, flute. Programme: — Donizetti: Sonata in C Major; Talmi: 3 Monologues for Solo Flute (1980); Dvorak: Sonata in G Major Op. 100; Moscheles: Sonata Concertante Op. 44. (Shaul Zim Library, Auditorium, 25 Shaul Hamelech, Wednesday)

**Haifa**  
**THE CAMERAN SINGERS** — Conducted by Avner Rat. Accompaniment on organ and piano by Anat Sharon Eshar. Programme of works by Scarlatti, Galuppi, Lotti, Bartok and Rossini. (Beit Hatofe, tomorrow)

**THE ISRAELI SINFONETTA** — Hosted by the Technion Orchestra and Choir. Conducted by Meni Rodan. Soloist: Yehudi Maltz (soprano). Programme: extracts of operas by Mozart, Rossini, Verdi and Bizet. (Churchill Auditorium, Technion City, Sunday at 8 p.m.)

##### Other towns

**VIOLIN AND PIANO CONCERT** — With Vera Veitman-Karovsky, violin; Emanuel Karovsky, piano. Programme: — Stravinsky: Italian Suite; Ligeti: Sonata Op. 82; Vardina Shlonsky: Sonata; Brahms: Sonata No. 2 in A Major. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, 57 Ussishkin, tonight)

**THE ISRAELI SINFONETTA** — Presents opera hits. Conducted by Meni Rodan. Soloist: Yehudi Maltz (soprano). Extracts from operas by Mozart, Rossini, Verdi, Puccini, Bizet and Tchaikovsky. (Beersheva, 12 Hameishchir, tomorrow)

**PIANO CONCERT** — With Herut Israeli. Classical and modern works, plus his own compositions. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tomorrow)

**THE ISRAELI FLUTE QUARTET** — From the series Words and Sounds. (Ramat Gan, Museum 18 Hivat Zion, Monday)

**PIANO CONCERT** — With Nechama Weintraub. Programme: — Schubert: Sonata in E-flat Major; Liszt: Tarentella; Chopin: Nocturne Polonaise in C-sharp Minor; Chopin: Scherzo in B Minor. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, Monday)

**THE NETANYA ORCHESTRA** — conducted by Samuel Lewis. Soloist: Arie Yardi (piano). Special concert to celebrate the 10th anniversary of the orchestra. Programme of works by Rossini, Chopin, Mozart and Copland. (Wingate, Herschrit Auditorium, Tuesday)

**VIOLIN AND PIANO CONCERT** — With Esther Reiss and Michael Leber, violin; Nira Zilberman, piano. Programme: — Franck: Sonata for Violin and Piano; Brahms: Sonata No. 1 for Violin and Piano. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, Wednesday)

panthers, dolphins, and sea lions, puppet theatre, clowns, cartoons and more (Dolphinarium, Charles Clore Park, today at 10 a.m. and 12 p.m.; other days at 10 a.m., 12 p.m. and 5 p.m.)

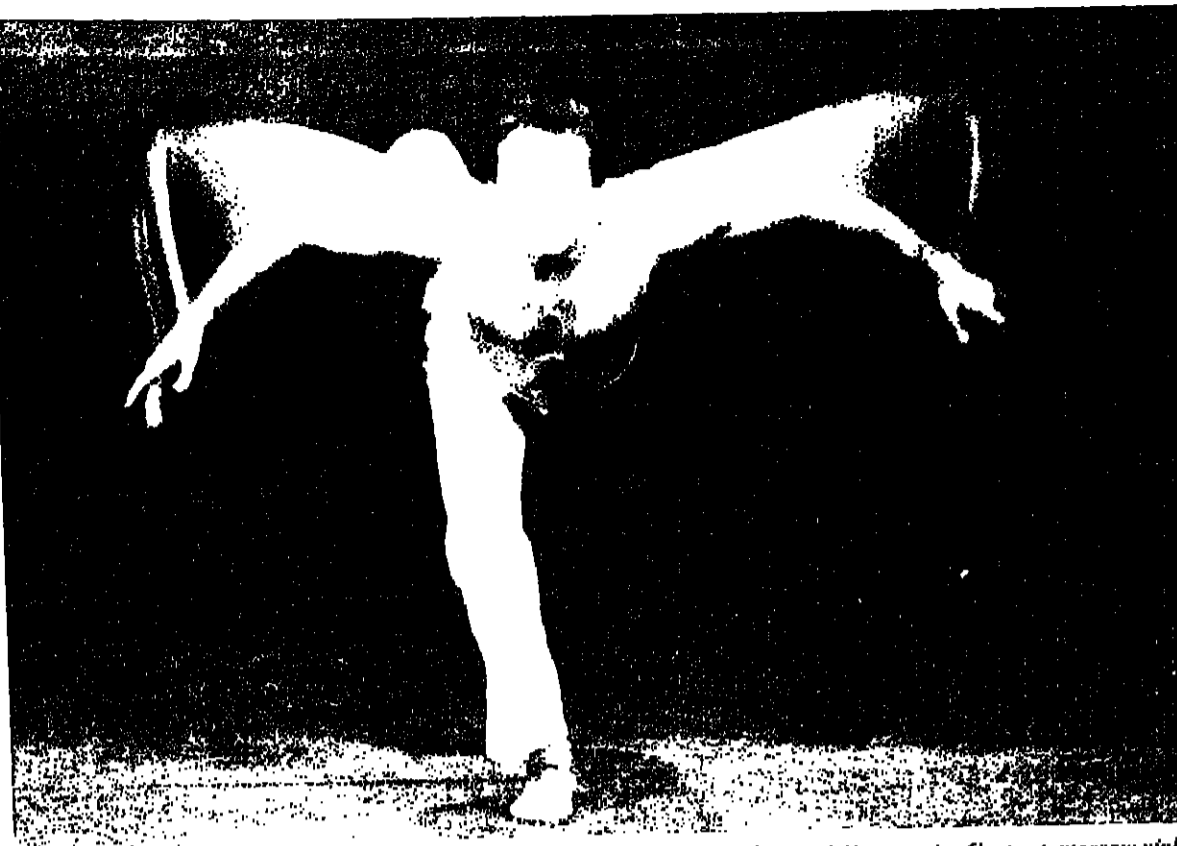
**MEXICAN SONGS** — With participation of the audience (Hasmiah, Old Jaffa, 8 Mazal Dugim, tomorrow at 5 p.m.)

**PRETTY BUTTERFLY** — Songs from the Educational TV series (Hasmiah, Old Jaffa, 8 Mazal Dugim, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

**1000 FACES** — Pantomime with Julian Chagrin and Rokanda Kahn. (Beit Lessin, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

##### Haifa

**INBAL** — In a 2-part programme: (1) Moroccan Wedding, choreographed by Rina Sharrit; (2) Pains and Dates, choreographed by Sara Levy-Tamir. (Beit Abba Khoushy, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)



Hanoch Rosem, the pantomime artist, appears in a solo programme at the Arad Community Centre tomorrow night.

#### ENTERTAINMENT

##### Jerusalem

**APPLES OF GOLD** — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Larime, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; King David, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

**THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM** — Songs by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English by Jeremy Hyman, Dawn Nadel, Isaac Weinstock, directed by Michael Schneider. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m.; King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

**GOLDEN GUITAR** — Shmuel Aharon plays classical and flamenco pieces tomorrow and Tuesday. Haim Duka plays classical, jazz and Israeli folk pieces on Thursday. (Zorba the Centre, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

**HAGASHASH HAHIVER** — Programme of humour and satire. (Gerard Behar Municipal Centre, tomorrow at 9.30p.m.)

**ISRAELI FOLKLORE** — Taste of Israel dancers. Pinaud Fulman folkdancers (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emek Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

**JAZZ** — Fred Weigal, piano, Eric Heller, bass, Saul Gludonsky, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nabrus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

##### JEWISH AND ARAB FOLKLORE

#### THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew, unless otherwise stated.

##### Jerusalem

**GIVING OF THE LAW AT 6** — Presented by the Simple Theatre. Written and directed by Shmuel Harel. The play takes place in an old temple. (Khan Theatre, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

**ICARUS** — Puppet theatre based on the story by Gabriel Garcia Marquez, about a mythological dream. (Train Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

**MUTINY** — Based on the story by Yehoshua Sobol. Directed by Nola Chilton. About the seamen's big 1951 strike for democratic representation. (Gerard Behar Municipal Centre, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

**SHELL SHOCK** — By Yossi Hadar. Produced by the Hafa Theatre. Directed by Gedalia Besser. Play about soldiers during the Yom Kippur War. (Khan Theatre, tomorrow through Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

**TIME PANIC** — Produced by the Mamilla Theatre in conjunction with the Stern Community Centre. Based on a story by A.B. Yehoshua. (Khan Theatre, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

##### Tel Aviv area

**ACTORS VERSUS AUDIENCE** — Modern theatre incorporating audience reciprocity.

##### Other towns

**BLACK VELVET** — Special evening of Irish folk music. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, Thursday at 10 p.m.)

##### Tel Aviv area

**THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM** — (Hilton, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

**DANNY BEN-ISRAEL** — Songs we loved. (Asteria Hotel, poolside, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

**EPHRAIM SHAMIR** — Dancing to the Girls' Voices. (Tzavta, Monday at 9 p.m.)

**GENTLEMEN THE HYSTERIA RETURNS** — By Moti Ghadi. Entertainment programme with singing, dancing and acting. (Dekel, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.; Sunday through Thursday at 9 p.m.)

**JAZZ** — With The Other Side Group — (Hasmiah, Old Jaffa, 8 Mazal Dugim, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

**MATTI CASPI AND THE PARVARIM** — Programme of songs. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m. and 10.45 p.m.)

**SILOMO ARTZI** — Programme of songs. (Tzavta, tonight at 9.30 p.m. and midnight)

**TONIGHT SHOW** — Presented by Barry Legend. Evening of international entertainment and interviews. Special guest, Leonard Graves (Hilton, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

(Hasmiah, 8 Mazal Dugim, Old Jaffa, tonight at 10 p.m.)

**BUNKER** — Produced by the Habimah Theatre. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

**CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE** — By Brecht. Cameri theatre production (Cameri, Tuesday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.; Wednesday also at 4.30 p.m.)

**CAVIALE E LENTICHIS** — Produced by the Habimah Theatre. (Habimah, Large Hall, Tuesday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

**CRAZY SPOILING** — By Emil Ajar. Translated and directed by Nola Chilton. The romantic dreams of a man alone in Paris. (Hasmiah, Old Jaffa, 8 Mazal Dugim, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

**DESIRE** — Produced by the Habimah Theatre. (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow at 8.45 p.m. and 9.30 p.m.; Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

**THE FALL** — By Albert Camus. Translated and produced by Nola Chilton. The rise and fall of a Parisian lawyer. (Hasmiah, Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

**LATE DIVORCE** — by A.B. Yehoshua. Directed by Nola Chilton. A Neve Zedek/Yuval Theatre production. The relationship between members of an Israeli family in the

**CAFE CONCERTO** — Light classical music by various performers daily. (Sharon Hotel, Herzliya, lobby, today at 4 p.m.-6 p.m.; Tuesday 5 p.m.-7.30 p.m.; all other days 5 p.m.-7 p.m.)

**GENTLEMEN THE HYSTERIA RETURNS** — (Holon, Rina, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

**GILA ALMAGOR** — Programme of songs. (Afula, Meilat, tonight at 10 p.m.; Kiryat Shmona, Beit Edelstein, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Rehovot, Small Municipal Hall, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

**HAGASHASH HAHIVER** — Satire. (Givatayim, Shavit, tonight at 10 p.m.)

**HANOCH ROSENE** — Pantomime programme. (Arad, Community Centre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

**JOSE FELICIANO** — Spanish guitarist and singer (Ein Gev, Kineret, Sunday; Yagur, Yod Lameginim, Monday)

**YORAM TEHAR-LEV** — Evening of songs. (Rehovot, Wic Auditorium, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Eighties (Neve Zedek, tonight at 10.00 p.m., tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

**MUTINY** — (Beit Lessin, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

**THE PASSION (PRE-PARADISE SORRY NOW)** — By Werner Rainer Fuchsberger. Directed by Nola Chilton. (Hasmiah, tonight at midnight; Tuesday and Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

**PILOTS** — Events in the lives of pilots after the occurrence of a dramatic event. Produced by the Neve Zedek Theatre Group. (Neve Zedek, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

**THE RUBBER MERCHANTS** — Produced by the Cameri Theatre. Written by Hanoach Levin. (Tzavta, Tuesday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

**SUBJECT TO CHANGE** — Comedy by Jules Tarcu presented by the ZOA House Drama Theatre. (in English). (ZOA House, 1 Daniel Frisch, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

**SWEENEY TODD** — Musical drama by the Cameri Theatre. (Cameri, tomorrow, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

**TENZI** — Produced by the Beit Lessin Theatre. The story takes place around the boxing ring. (Beit Lessin, Monday and Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

(Continued on page C)

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

## JERUSALEM Cinemas

### CINEMA 1 DOLBY

Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067  
Fri., Oct. 14  
Double feature ticket  
The Mirror, 7.30  
The Birds, 9.15  
Sat., Oct. 15  
Victor Victoria, 7.15  
Sun., Oct. 16  
Double feature ticket  
The Mirror, 7.30  
The Birds, 9.15  
Mon., Oct. 17  
Best Little Whorehouse in Texas  
Everything You Wanted To Know  
About Sex, 9.15  
Tue., Oct. 18  
Everything You Wanted To Know  
About Sex, 7  
Wed., Oct. 19  
Best Little Whorehouse in Texas  
History Of The World, Part 1, 7.15, 9  
Thurs., Oct. 20  
Bait Of The Planet (Of The Apes 6  
History Of The World, Part 1, 7.30  
Everything You Wanted To Know  
About Sex, 9.30

### EDEN

**DAMA DO LOTACAO**  
The Brazilian erotic film  
by Nevil Dalmida  
Sat. 7, 9, weekdays 4, 7, 9

### EDISON

**TREASURE OF THE FOUR CROWNS**  
Sat. 7, 9  
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

### ISRAEL MUSEUM

Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 3.30

### TRON

### KFIR

**FLASH DANCE**  
Sat. 7, 9  
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

### MITCHELL

**BREATHLESS**  
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9

### ORGIL

**MIDNIGHT EXPRESS**  
Sat. 6.45, 9  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9.15

### ORION

2nd week  
He's out there  
**BLUE THUNDER**  
Sat. 6.30, 9  
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

### ORNA

Tel. 224733  
**HOW TO DRIVE GIRLS CRAZY**  
A really wild comedy  
by LOUIS DE FUNES  
Sat. 7, 9  
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

### RON

**LOCAL HERO**  
Sat. 7, 9; weekdays 4, 7, 9

### SEMARAR

**AMERICAN GIGOLO**  
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.15

### SMALL AUDITORIUM

**BINYENI HA'UMA**  
**ONE FROM THE HEART**  
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9

## TEL AVIV Cinemas

### ALLENBY

3rd week  
**HEAT AND DUST**  
The Great London hit  
by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala  
by JULIE CHRISTIE  
GRETA SCACCHI  
SHASHI KAPOOR  
Tonight at 10  
Sat. and weekdays 4.30, 7.10, 9.30

### BEN YEHUDA

4th week  
**NOW AND FOREVER**  
Tonight 10, 12; Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

### BETH HATEFUTSOH

**JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE**  
8th week  
Sun., Tue. 5; Mon., 1 Thur. 8.30

### TELL ME A RIDDLE

Tue. 8.30  
ANNIE HALL

### CHEN CINEMA CENTRE

Advance ticket sales only at box office from 10 a.m.

### CHEN 1

11th week  
**BLUE THUNDER**  
Tonight 9.30, 12.10  
Sat. 7, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

### CHEN 2

11th week  
**AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN**  
Tonight 9.30, 12.10  
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.40

### CHEN 3

23rd week  
**SOPHIE'S CHOICE**  
Tonight 10  
Sat. 6.30, 9.30  
Weekdays 6.40, 9.20

### CHEN 4

11th week  
**CANNERY ROW**  
Tonight 9.30, 12.15  
Sat. 7.05, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.05, 9.30

### CHEN 5

14th week  
**THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER**  
Today 10, 12.15  
Sat. 4.30, 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 10.30, 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

### CINEMA ONE

**TICKET TO HEAVEN**  
Tonight 10  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

## DRIVE-IN

### THE YANKS

5.45: Film for children  
Sat. and weekdays midnight  
See film

### ESTHER

Tel. 225610  
2nd week  
**DAMA DO LOTACAO**  
SONIA BRAGA  
Adults only  
Tonight 10  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

### GAT

6th week  
**MY FAVOURITE YEAR**  
PETER O'TOOLE  
JESSICA HARPER  
MARK LINA BARKER  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

### GORDON GIFFIN

Ben Yehuda 87, Tel. 244373  
9th week  
**ANOTHER WAY**  
Sat. 7.30, 9.30  
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30  
English subtitles

### HOD

8th week  
**BREATHLESS**  
RICHARD GERE  
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

### INSTITUT FRANCAIS

Sat. 7.30  
**LA BALANCE**  
Tue. 7.30  
**LA FILLE DU PUISATIER**

### LEV I

Dizengoff Center  
2nd week  
**LOCAL HERO**  
Sat. 7.45, 9.30  
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

### LEV II

Dizengoff Center  
3rd week  
**DAY OF ZINC**  
Sat. 7.45, 9.30  
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

### MAXIM

2nd week  
Sat. 9.30  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

### ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

### MOGRABI

25th week  
**TOOTSIE**  
Tonight 10; Sat. 7, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

### ONLY

11th week  
**TREASURE OF THE FOUR CROWNS**  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

## PARIS

### NAGUA

Israel Premiere  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4, 7.15, 9.30

### LIMOR

4th week  
**TOURISTS' TRAP**  
"Candid Camera" throughout the world  
Tonight 10, 12  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

### PEER

Israel Premiere  
**MARRY CHRISTMAS MR. LAWRENCE**  
A film by NAGISA OSHIMA

### TEL AVIV MUSEUM

15th week  
**YOL**  
Winners of "Golden Palm"  
Cannes, 1982  
Film by Yilmaz Guney  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

### ZAFON

6th week  
**ONE FROM THE HEART**  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

### SHAFAF

5th week  
Tonight 8.15, 10.30, 12.30  
Sat. 7, 9, 11  
Weekdays 4.15, 7.15, 9.30

### FLASH DANCE

Sat. 11 a.m.:  
THE DARK CRYSTAL

### STUDIO

Israel Premiere  
Tonight at 10 a.m.  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

### STEVE MARTIN

**DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID**  
The crime thriller  
Raymond Chandler never wrote

### TCHELET

**THE YEAR OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY**  
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

### TZAVTA

30 Jib Givoli, Tel. 250156  
23rd week  
Sat. and weekdays 9.30 p.m.  
THE FILM "EIGHTY THREE"

## TEL AVIV

### HAIR

Sat. 6.45, 9  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

### GALOR

10, 2, 6  
**JUST BEFORE DAWN**  
GEORGE KN  
GEORGE KENNEDY  
12, 4, 8  
**SCREAM FOR VENGEANCE**

### MORIAH

8th week  
**TABLE FOR FIVE**  
Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9

### ORAH

7th and last week  
**BLUE THUNDER**

### HAIFA Cinemas

**AMPHITHEATRE**  
Thrilling action film  
**THE SUICIDAL BUNCH**  
ROBERT GINETTI  
Sat. 6.45, 9  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

### ARMON

**FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE**  
Sat. 6.45, 9.15  
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

### ATZMON

**SHAVIT**  
Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9

### RAMAT GAN Cinemas

**ARMON**  
11th week  
**BLUE THUNDER**  
Tonight 10  
Sat. and weekdays 9.30

### WONDERFUL DETECTIVE SCHWARTZ

Mat. 4.30  
8th week  
**BREATHLESS**  
Tonight 10  
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

### LILY

**HAIR**  
Sat. 6.45, 9  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

### HAIR

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Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

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Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

### HAIR

Sat. 6.45, 9  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

## CHEN

### HAIR

Sat. 6.45, 9  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

### GALOR

10, 2, 6  
**JUST BEFORE DAWN**  
GEORGE KN  
GEORGE KENNEDY  
12, 4, 8  
**SCREAM FOR VENGEANCE**

### MORIAH

8th week  
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Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9

### ORAH

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Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

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Sat. 6.45, 9  
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

## OASIS

### FRANCES

3rd week  
Tonight 10  
Sat. and weekdays 6, 9

### ORDEA

**TABLE FOR FIVE**  
7.15, 9.30

### RAMAT GAN

**TOOTSIE**  
DUSTIN HOFFMAN  
7, 9.30

### HERZLIYA Cinemas

**DAVID**  
**NOW AND FOREVER**  
7.15, 9.30

### TIFERET

2nd week  
7.15, 9.30  
**TOOTSIE**

### HOLON Cinemas

**MIGDAL**  
Tonight 10  
Sat. and weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

### SAVOY

**KRAMER VS. KRAMER**  
Tonight at 10  
Sat. and weekdays 7.30, 9.30  
Mat. (daylong):  
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE

### THEATRE

(Continued from page A)

### Halfa

**BED-KITCHEN, BED-KITCHEN**  
Comedy for one actress with Dina Doron  
playing 12 entirely different women. Written by  
Dario Fo and Franca Rame. Directed by Fran  
Eldad. (Kiryat Hachaim, Church, tonight  
at 10 p.m.; Beit

**THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE**

## This Week in Israel - The Leading JERUSALEM MUSEUMS

### this week at the israel museum jerusalem

#### EXHIBITIONS

Permanent Collections of Judaica, Art and Archaeology  
Moritz Oppenheim: The First Jewish Painter  
China and the Islamic World: Mutual Influences in Ceramics  
David Bomberg 1923-1927. From Oct. 18  
Mario Merz: Builder of igloos and constructor of moveable nomadic dwellings  
From "Peng" to Home Computer  
Contemporary Israeli Art  
Looking at Pictures - for children aged 8 and up  
The Tip of the iceberg no. 2: New Acquisitions of Israeli Art.  
Kadesh Barnes - at the Rockefeller Museum  
The Wonderful World of Paper - Paly Center

#### SPECIAL EXHIBITS

Cepharum Hoard  
A New Mosaic in the Norman P. Schenker Archaeology Garden  
Oil Lamp Section  
The Permanent Exhibit in the Prehistory Hall  
Yemenite Torah Finials ("Rimonim")

#### EVENTS

SPECIAL SCREENING  
Saturday, October 16 at 10.30  
"ORFEO NEGRO"  
Dir. Marcel Camus

CHILDREN'S FILM  
Sun, Oct. 16; Mon, Oct. 17; Wed, Oct. 19 and Thurs, Oct. 20 at 15.30  
"TRON"  
A new Disney production

CHILDREN'S STORY HOUR  
Monday, October 17 at 18.00  
Given by New York librarian Barbara Rosch, for 7-9 year olds (with children's participation).

SPECIAL SCREENING  
Saturday, October 22 at 10.30  
"MICHELANGELO"  
Dir. Carlo L. Reggiani; music: J.S. Bach; festivals and awards: Leningrad, London, Moscow and Venice

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH  
Museum: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 11.00; Tues. at 18.30  
Rockefeller Museum: every Friday at 11.00  
Shrine of the Book: Tuesday, October 18 at 18.30

RUTH YOUTH WING  
Registration for art courses continue: for children - painting, ceramics, sculpture, creative movement, etching & drawing, weaving, puppet theatre, embroidery, silk-screening, film-making, photography, etc. For adults - as above plus sculpture & introduction to different materials, illustration & graphics, drama, interior decoration etc.  
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Please note our new phone number (02) 639211

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Student membership available.

VISITING HOURS: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Tues. 18.00 to 22.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00 to 14.00

SHRINE OF THE BOOK: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Tues. 10.00 to 22.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00 to 14.00

BILLY ROSE SCULPTURE GARDEN: Sun.-Thurs. 10.00 to sunset; Fri., Sat. & holidays 10.00 to 14.00

ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM: Sun.-Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00 to 14.00

LIBRARY HOURS: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.30-17.00; Tues. 18.00-20.00.

GRAPHICS STUDY ROOM: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11.00 to 13.00; Tues. 18.00 to 20.00.

TICKETS FOR SATURDAY: Available in advance at the Museum and at the ticket agencies: Tel Aviv - Rodoc, Etzion, Le'an and Coastal; Jerusalem - Kleim.

In Israel and in Scandinavia, they applaud in unison. Most important, of course, is the quiet during the

SOME 15 YEARS ago when the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra scheduled a performance of Arnold Schoenberg's violin concerto, the public rebelled. The musical language of the work was too much for the Tel Aviv audience; they protested loudly, and the piece was dropped.

The reception of the composer's piano concerto last week could not have been more different - a prolonged ovation and *bravos*. Perhaps the piano concerto is a milder piece than its violin counterpart, but an indication that taste has changed is that the audience was enthusiastic in response to this contemporary work. Clearly this had to do with the playing of Alfred Brendel, the soloist in the rarely performed composition.

Brendel, acclaimed for his renditions of Beethoven, Schubert and Mozart, was introduced to the Schoenberg concerto 25 years ago by conductor Michael Gielen, the nephew of Eduard Steuermann. Brendel studied thoroughly a recording Steuermann and Hermann Scherchen had made of the concerto, under the supervision of Schoenberg himself. He has been polishing interpretative nuances ever since. "It is remarkable," he tells a visitor at the IPO guest house, "how much better orchestras and conductors cope now with this difficult score."

The language of Schoenberg appeared radical to many. For Brendel it is the continuation of the great Central European musical tradition. It is the mainstream, says the Austrian pianist, obviously gratified by the audience's response.

THE PRODIGIOUS career of Alfred Brendel progresses on two seemingly parallel levels. Year in and year out, he plays with the world's greatest orchestras and in the most prestigious concert series. At the same time, the number of records he has made is staggering: a single, brief visit to a record store will make one familiar with the absorbed face with a quizzical look behind horn-rimmed glasses.

There is an incompatibility, he says, between the concert hall and the present-day recording studio, which disagrees with the artist. "Concert hall is the heart of the music, that is where the performance takes place. There is a tension, vision, coherence about a live performance, which is difficult to attain in the recording studio. There are the electric currents from the public."

Brendel has embarked on an ambitious project of making live-performance records. Soon to appear are the Complete Beethoven concertos with James Levine and the Chicago Symphony. And having presented the entire cycle of Beethoven's sonatas 11 times last season, the pianist intends to release some of these performances on records. "About the best to come out was the *Hammerklavier* sonata," a paradox, Brendel notes. It is one of the most difficult works of piano repertoire.

Audience response varies from place to place, observes the artist. In Paris and New York, for instance, the expressions of approval are vocal, while in Vienna and in Israel people seldom shout. The Germans do not shout, but clap incessantly, and the Dutch show their satisfaction by rising to their feet.

In Israel and in Scandinavia, they applaud in unison. Most important, of course, is the quiet during the

## Beyond acclaim



Brendel, right, and Zubin Mehta share intense moment in Tel Aviv concert.

### MUSIC & MUSICIANS/Elh Karev

performances. "Ironically, Chagouans are not known as being very quiet. Twice I had to interrupt my recitals there and tell them: 'I can hear you, but you cannot hear me.' So before each recorded concert, the manager would make a speech and urge the people to cough all they can, but not after the playing had begun. It worked fine."

WITH THE Beethoven, Schubert and most of the Mozart recorded, Brendel's thoughts are now on Haydn. His second record of Haydn's piano sonatas has just come out, and he hopes the beauty of this music will get through to a wide audience. "In his lifetime, Haydn was a most popular and revered composer; yet today his music is limited to connoisseurs. This is a repertoire that I believe has not yet been properly discovered."

Another composer Brendel performs a great deal, and feels strongly about, is Franz Liszt. Thoroughly read on the subject, the artist believes many of the prevailing conceptions regarding Liszt border on slander. Brendel sees in Liszt one of the noblest, most lovable and open-hearted of musicians. "If you know his music, these qualities are there."

The 52-year-old pianist, whose artistic outlook was molded by the pianism of Edwin Fischer, Alfred Cortot and Wilhelm Kempff, as well as by the conducting art of Otto Klemperer, Bruno Walter and

Wilhelm Furtwängler, is a keen observer of the contemporary musical scene. He does not subscribe to the view that today's pianists strive for a letter-perfect, emotionally constrained art. The best among them, he submits, are sensitive and emotionally alive. Brendel is not a teacher in the accepted sense. ("Being an active performer who writes on the side and has a family, I do not feel the urge and the conviction to be also a confessor, psychologist, would-be-lover and what have you.") But he gives occasional master classes, "where the focus is on the masterpieces."

Having met the best of the local young pianists during a class at the Jerusalem Music Centre last year, he is genuinely concerned about their future. "It is absurd that a country of this musical potential and interest is unable to provide more possibilities for its young artists. Young people need experience, even on a small scale. You don't start by playing with the IPO, but how will you ever get there without the experience of playing in public?"

Brendel dismisses out of hand the notion that the piano recital is on its way out. Israel is a unique country with orchestras dominating the concert scene, he observes. "Perhaps there are not enough snobs here," he adds with a smile. "You know, they do nurture and encourage new things."

ONE OF THE MORE beautiful spots on Rehov Nahlat Shiva, the little 19th-century street leading out of Jerusalem's Zion Square, is a shop which was once an antique store, then became a restaurant and now houses yet another restaurant, Tavlin.

In fact, this restaurant started out in a different place and with a different menu. In view of the constant quest for relatively reasonable eating places, it seemed a good idea to see what is happening there these days.

The interior is small, with an eclectic selection of tables and chairs. The menu tends to feature dairy and vegetable dishes, and although there is no great emphasis on health food, one does get the feeling that most of the dishes should be rather good for you. The service is amateur, but friendly and helpful.

One of the interesting aspects of the menu is the preponderance of fresh mushrooms. Evidently Tavlin has ways of finding these when much larger and more expensive restaurants complain that they are unavailable.

In view of this, I felt obliged to begin my meal with a bowl of fresh mushroom soup. Rich and creamy, it was literally packed with delectable fungi, but for all that, I still

felt that there was something lacking. Only about halfway through, when I offered a spoonful to my companion to taste, did she identify the problem: salt - or rather, the lack of it.

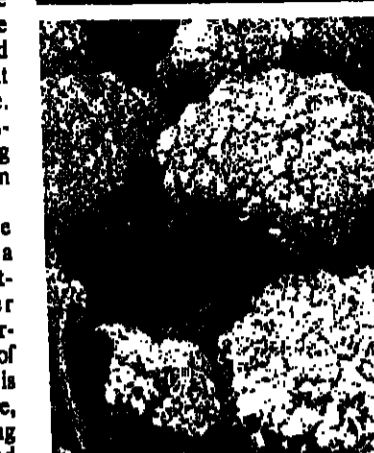
It is true that mushroom soup should be cooked without salt, to keep the mushrooms from shriveling. I am also aware that in the U.S. for example, there has been a concentrated attack on the use of salt, with the result that the average American balances his excessive consumption of salt in junk food and fast food by eliminating it altogether in food cooked at home. For my part, however, I will continue to use this seasoning judiciously as long as I remain healthy.

Mushrooms also featured in the opening choice of my companion, a "special salad," with the usual lettuce, tomato and cucumber augmented by bean sprouts, artichoke hearts and a thick layer of raw, fresh mushrooms. Over all this was a thick dressing of blue cheese, which provided as much seasoning as one could wish. A smaller salad was served with the soup and on this I had a very reasonable vinaigrette.

For my main course, I chose cauliflower pie in cream sauce. This member of the cabbage family is one of my favorites and the pie was

## The life of spice

### MATTERS OF TASTE Haim Shapiro



a delectable concoction of cauliflower, a bechamel sauce, cheese and lots of nutmeg for flavouring.

Less successful, to my taste, was my companion's tuna and fresh

mushroom pie, which seemed heavy and excessively oily. Perhaps a better brand of tuna should be used. Or perhaps the time has come to abandon this fish, which seems to decline in quality as it increases in price.

Although we were far from hungry at this point, we could not help but share a portion of the pecan pie. This ultra-rich combination of nuts and a rich egg custard is one of my favorites, and we found it admirable in all respects.

For coffee, we were offered a choice between instant or the filter variety, complete with plastic throwaway filter. But here, in a relatively unpretentious restaurant, I did not feel offended by the latter. I might also add that the waitress evidently took the trouble to add boiling, rather than almost boiling water, and thus brought out the taste and aroma of the coffee.

The bill, including a bottle of beer and a small flask of mineral water, both local, came to \$15.64.

BECAUSE the cauliflower pie was so good, and because this vegetable is now coming into season, it is something that we can make at home from time to time. For the very lazy, it is almost an instant dish, which can be made with prepared dough and frozen cauliflower.

For those who want to start from scratch, prepare the dough by mixing two cups of flour with half a package of margarine. When this is crumbly, add just a few spoonfuls of cold water, mixing with a fork. As soon as this dough just barely sticks together, put it in a plastic bag or in the fridge for half an hour or so.

Clean the cauliflower well and soak it in water to which you have added a little vinegar, so as to dislodge any troublesome little insects. Indeed, I am told that the very religious will only eat frozen cauliflower, because the method of preparing it absolutely ensures that no bugs remain.

In any case, separate the cauliflower into buds and cook them in a little salted water until just tender. Meanwhile, prepare a bechamel by mixing a few table-spoons of melted butter with an equal amount of flour and add two cups of milk, heating and stirring the mixture until it thickens.

Roll out the dough and line a pie plate or oven dish with it. Bake the empty crust for about five minutes in a medium oven. Mix cauliflower and sauce, season with nutmeg, salt and pepper, and pour into the baked shell. If you like, you can sprinkle grated cheese on top.

Bake in a medium oven for about a quarter of an hour. Serve hot. □

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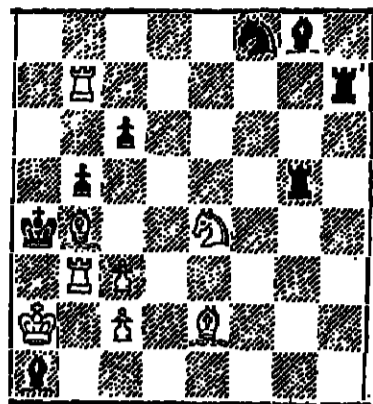
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## CHESSE

### Ellahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3142  
Dr. RAFFI RUPPIN, Ramat Gan  
1st prize, Problem, 1961  
White mates in four (8-8)



**SOLUTIONS.** Problem No. 3140 (Kopnin). 1.Rf7! threat 2.Rd5 ed 3.Rc7; 1.— Bb8 2.Na7 3.Nc6x; 1.— Bb6 2.Na3, Nc4x; 1.— Bf8 2.Nf4 3.Ng6x; 1.— Bf6 2.Nf3, 3.Ng4; 1.— Bg5 2.Nf3, 3.Nf3; The tries: 1.Na7? Nd8; 1.Na3? Nd6; 1.Nf4? Nf8; 1.Nf2? Nf6; 1.Ng1? Ng5.

**CORRECTION:** The diagram in last week's column (Problem No. 3141) should have been followed with the words "White to play and win (4-4)."

White to play and win (4-4)  
**SOLUTIONS.** Problem No. 3139 (Hoch). 1.Kc7! (1.f4, Kf6; 1.Kc7 h4 2.Kb6 a3 3.Kb5 b2 4.Kb4 a2, and Black wins) 1.— b4 (1-f4 2.Kd6 b4 3.Kc5 a3 4.Kb4 a2 5.Rg1 and Kb3) 2.Rg1 (2.f4 a3 3.Rg1 Kh6 4.Kf6 Kh5 5.Kf5 Kh4 6.Kc4 a2; 2.f3 f4 3.Rg1 Kh6 4.Kf6 Kh7 5.Kf7 Kh6, draw) 2.— Kh7 3.Kf7 (3.Kf6 f4 4.Kf7 Kh6 5.Kf6 Kh7; 3.f4 Kh6 4.Kf6 Kh5 5.Kf5 Kh4 6.Kc4 a3 7.Kd4 a2) 3.— Kh6 4.Kf6 (4.f4 Kh5; 4.f3 f4) 4.— Kh5 5.Kf5 Kh6 6.f3! (6.Kf6 Kh5; 6.f4 a3 7.Kf6 Kh5) 6.— a3 (6.— h2 or 6.— Kh7 do not change anything) 7.Kf6 Kh7 8.f4! b2 9.Kf7 and mate.

**KASPAROV, KORCHNOI AGREE TO PLAY GRANDMASTERS** Garry Kasparov and Viktor Korchnoi have agreed in principle to play their match in the world championship candidates' semi-finals. In a joint announcement signed in Belgrade, Kasparov and Korchnoi appealed to the International Chess Federation (FIDE) and the Soviet Chess Federation "to find an early solution to the semi-finals of the world championship." The two players proposed that FIDE president Florencio Campomanes, a representative of the Soviet chess federation and themselves meet in Switzerland to discuss the organization of the match. The proposed meeting should have taken place

before the FIDE congress in Manila. Kasparov and Symlov were eliminated from the semi-finals when they failed to meet Korchnoi and Ribli respectively. In the grandmasters' tournament in Niksic, Yugoslavia, Kasparov garnered 11 points in 14 games, scoring 9 wins, 4 draws and a single loss (to Spassky). Kasparov won as well the lightning tournament with 13½ points out of 16 games, a full three points ahead of Korchnoi, 10½. There followed Tal, 9½; Ljubojevic, 8½; Spassky and Timman 7; Sax, 6; Larsen, 5½; Ivanovic 3½.

**KARPOV WINS IN HANNOVER** WORLD CHAMPION Anatoly Karpov defeated key rival GM Tomas Georgadze by half a point in the 14th round of the Category 12 tournament held in Hannover in August. Karpov started slowly but soon caught fire in the middle rounds to join Georgadze as a tournament leader. By round 14, however, Georgadze had moved into the lead until Karpov, with the White pieces, scored a knock-out. Georgadze, a rare visitor to Western tournaments, played with authority, to garner second place.

**KARPOV PFLEGER** 1.e4 d6 2.d4 Nf6 3.Nc3 g6 4.Nd3 Bg7 5.Be2 0-0 6.0-0 c5 7.Re1 Nbd7 8.Bf4 Nh5 9.Bg5 h6 10.Be3 e5 11-

Qd2 Kh7 12.Ra1 Qe7 13.a4 Re8 14.a5 Nh6 15.h3 Bf8 16.Ra1 ed4 17.Bd4 Ne5 18.Qe3 Nf3 19.Bf3 h5 20.a6 Nd7 21.Qd2 Ne5 22.Be2 b5 23.f4 Ne4 24.Bc4 b4 25.f5 Bb6 26-Q2 Rb8 27.fg6 f6 28.e5 d5 29.Ba7 Rb2 30.Be5 Qg7 31.a7 Bb7 32.Ba3 Rb5 33.Nb5 e5 34.Be5 d4 35.Qd4. Black resigns.

**LOBRON KARPOV** 1.e4 e5 2.Nf3 Nf6 3.Ne5 d6 4.Nf3 Ne4 5.d4 d5 6.Bd3 Be7 7.0-0 Ne6 8.Re1 Bg4 9.c4 Nf6 10.Nc3 Bf3 11-Q3 Nd4 12.Qg3 dc4 13.Be4 0-0 14.Bg5 Bd6 15.Qh4 h6 16.Bf6 Qf8 17.Qf6 g7 18.Rc4 c5 19.Rh4 Kg7 20.Ne4 Be7 21.Ng3 f5 22.Rh3 Bd6 23.f4 b5 24.Bc3 c4 25.Bf5 Rf8 26.Be4 Rad8 27.Rf1 b4 28.Kh1 c3 29.b3 bc3 30.Nf5 Nf5 31.Bf5 Bb4 32.a3 Ba5 33.g4 Re2 34.g5 h5 35.Rh5 c2 36.Be2 Re2 37.f5 Be7 38.a6 f6 39.Rh7 Kg8 40.Re1 a5. White resigns.

**USSR WINS YOUTH CHAMPIONSHIP** The star-studded team of the USSR won the 1983 World Youth Team Championship easily. The event was held August 21 to September 3 at the University of Chicago. The Soviets scored 34 points out of a possible 44, a full six points ahead of the West German team. Their only "setback" came when Iceland held them to a 2-2 tie. The Soviets also won four of the six

board prizes. GM Eric Lobron of West Germany, who had the top score on board one, and Panzeri of Argentina on board six were the only non-Soviets to win prizes. There is an amusing footnote to the match. The winners received posters of the aborted Kasparov-Korchnoi match autographed by Victor Korchnoi, which the Soviet players accepted with smiles.

**DOLMATOV TREPP** 1.e4 c5 2.Nf3 Nc6 3.d4 cd4 4.Nd4 Nf6 5.Nc3 d6 6.Bg5 e6 7.Qd2 a6 8.0-0 h6 9.Be3 Bd7 10.f3 b5 11.g4 Ne5 12.Rg1 Qc7 13.h4 b4 14.Nb1 Ne4 15.Bc4 Qc4 16.g5 hg5 17.h5 Ng8 18.b3 Qc7 19.g6 f6 20.f4 Qb7 21.Qd3 Rb8 22.Bd2 Ne7 23.f5 e5 24.Ne6 d5 25.e5 Nd5 26.Kb2 Be7 27.f6 Be5 28.Rg4 Ke7 29.c4 Nb6 30.Be3 Qc6 31.Be5 Qc5 32.Qe4 Qe6 33.Qe2 a5 34.Nd2 a4 35.Ne4 Rcd8 36.Rg1 Rh4 37.Rd8 Kd8 38.Nf6 a3 39.Kb1 Rh1 40.Qd1. Black resigns.

**EHLVEST KRAHENBUHL** 1.d4 Nf6 2.c4 g6 3.Nc3 Bg7 4.e4 0-0 5.f3 c5 6.d5 b6 7.Be3 b5 8.Be5 Nc6 9.Qd2 Qa5 10.Be3 Rb8 11.Nge2 Ba6 12.Nd4 Nd4 13.Bd2 Rf8 14.e5 Ne8 15.Nb5 Qd2 16.Kd2 Bb5 17.c5 Re7 18.Bd3 d6 19.c6 Nd6 20.Bg7 Kg7 21.a4 a5 22.Rhcl Ra7 23.b6 Rb2 24.Rc2 Re2 25.Kc2 Kf6 26.Kb3 Kc6 27.Bb5 Re7 28.Rd1 h5 29.Kb4 h4 30.Ka5 Nc8 31.Rd8 f5 32.Bd7 Rd7 33.Rc8. Black resigns.



## Bad trump splits

WHAT HAPPENS when trumps fail to divide favourably? There's no need to give up; declarer can often find ways to overcome adverse trump distribution, as illustrated in three deals reported by the International Bridge Press Association.

**Deal 1**  
Vul: both  
North  
♠ Q6  
♥ K752  
♦ A K9864  
♣ A  
East  
♠ 105  
♥ Q1096  
♦ Q1072  
♣ 964  
South (D)  
♠ A K J72  
♥ A J3  
♦ 5  
♣ 10752

The bidding:  
South West North East  
1♠ Pass 3♣ Pass  
3♠ Pass 4♠ Pass  
5♠ Pass All Pass  
6♠ Pass All Pass

North and South had only 28 high-card points, but they recognized the slam possibilities and cue-bid to show their aces in hearts and clubs.

The club king was led, and declarer counted only ten tricks on top. To get the two extra tricks he needed, he could ruff two clubs in dummy. But this would weaken his trump holding, giving him a spade and a club (or a heart) loser if spades divided 4-2 (more likely than the 3-3 split).

The alternative was to win four diamond tricks, which also might be dangerous. Ruffing out two diamonds would also shorten declarer's trump holding, and cause him to lose control.

## BRIDGE

### George Levinrew

what was returned, declarer with two entries to dummy, could ruff one diamond, pull trump and cash his four diamond tricks.

**Deal 2**  
Vul: E-W  
North  
♠ Q52  
♥ A43  
♦ 8652  
♣ K62  
East  
♠ J986  
♥ K7  
♦ Q J10  
♣ Q1084  
South (D)  
♠ A K743  
♥ 962  
♦ 962  
♣ A753

The bidding:  
South West North East  
1♠ Pass 2♠ Pass  
3♠ Pass 4♠ Pass  
4♠ Pass All pass

OUR SECOND deal features a vanishing defensive trump trick. The diamond queen was led. South winning the ace. Declarer counted nine tricks on top — if the spades split 3-2. There was also the chance of establishing a long club. One club had to be lost in any case, so declarer followed the wise policy of immediately giving up a club to the defence. A heart was returned to the ace in dummy. The ace and queen of trump were cashed revealing the 4-1 split.

At this point it seemed to declarer that he had four losers — one trump, two hearts and a club. And there might also be another club loser.

declarer's only hope was to make all his trump separately. So a diamond was ruffed in the South hand, followed by a club to the king in

**Deal 3**  
Love all  
North  
♠ A1095  
♥ 104  
♦ 83  
♣ K Q952  
East  
♠ Q63  
♥ K832  
♦ Q J97  
♣ 87  
South (D)  
♠ K J842  
♥ 95  
♦ 852  
♣ A J4

The bidding:  
South West North East  
1♠ Pass 2♠ Pass  
3♠ Pass 4♠ Pass  
4♠ Pass All pass

NORTH'S response of three spades was a limit bid and South, with extra strength was able to bid game. The heart queen was led. The declarer saw that the only danger was East winning a trick and attacking the diamonds. If this could be avoided, South had enough tricks — in trump, clubs and the ace of hearts — to make his contract.

Therefore, declarer dared not win the first trick, to provide East with the opportunity to win a subsequent heart. So South ducked and won the heart continuation.

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Sun., Oct. 16 at 8 pm; Mon., Oct. 17 at 8.30 pm; Tues., Oct. 18 at 6 pm; Thurs., Oct. 20 at 8.30 pm. Admission: members—\$120, non-members—\$160.  
2. "The Vow". A film in Yiddish describing the conflict between older and younger generations in a Jewish shtetl in Lithuania. With Sigmund Turikov, Dina Halperin. The film is in Yiddish with French and Hebrew sub-titles.  
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3. "A Family Affair". The romance between a Jewish comedian in New York and Annie Hall. Considered Woody Allen's most personal and best film. With Woody Allen, Diane Keaton, Tony Roberts, Paul Simon. The film is in English with Hebrew sub-titles.  
Tues., Oct. 18 at 8.30 pm. Admission: members—\$120, non-members—\$160.

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הכרזה מן האוכל

# Shekel and hide

The much maligned shekel took another beating with the recent major devaluation, and this time took the banks along with it. As the national economy slowly rides off into the sunset, and Israelis fondly reminisce about the way things used to be with the now-legendary lira, bank robbers across the land are lining up at unemployment offices, on the premise that crime just doesn't pay anymore. Even beggars are accepting nothing less than foreign currency. Rumours are as yet unsubstantiated of people selling their videos to buy bread. Agora-phobia has become rampant.

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MY HEART bleeds for our new prime minister. He had waited so long and so patiently for the greatest of all his great days, Monday, October 10. How he must have looked forward to the time when he was to present his government to the Knesset, to get his vote of confidence, to hotfoot over to the President to get his congratulatory glass of sweet local wine, and then to live happily ever after.

He knew that even Israel Television was scheduled to commemorate the occasion for him by doing his great inaugural address live and *in toto*. No doubt he had his video set — acquired through the grace of Yoram Aridor — on "timer," to record the event for his grandchildren and his grandchildren's grandchildren. No doubt he intended his inaugural speech to ring through the ages like Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg address or Winston Churchill's call for "blood, toil, tears and sweat."

I can imagine that the premier rose early on Monday morning. He looked out through the window; birds were singing away at the top of their voices; the skies above were as blue as the eyes of all those Texans in Dallas; the weather was perfect, not too hot, not too cold. No doubt he chortled merrily while he trimmed his moustache with consummate care, "I'm to be queen of the May, Shulamit, I'm to be queen of the May."

Alas, "the best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley", as Rabbi Burns put it in his Scottish way.

Somebody should have warned Mr. Shamir that this was not May, but October, the month when the leaves fall and the grass turns sere and the last rose of summer is left blooming alone, all her lovely companions faded and gone.

His great speech fell flat on its face. Nobody wanted to hear the new prime minister survey the nation's destiny at such inordinate length; all we wanted to know was when Aridor would face a firing-party; which heads of which bankers would roll; above all, in which direction our panic-stricken feet should carry us, as we tried to save our doomed investments. Mr. Shamir went on and on, delivering profound thoughts in sonorous rhetoric, while we fished to hear from him one simple fact: how much the devaluation would be. So the mighty oration was somewhat marred by the earthquake that rocked the economy.

I was reminded of a scene in a recent film we saw on television — I think it was *The Great Race* — in which a car goes careering through the middle of a wedding, ruining the cake and the day completely for the bride. I can think of other comparisons: there was the dancing on the Titanic just as the iceberg hit her. Then there are those people who persist in living on the slopes of Vesuvius.

THE SPEECH did convey one depressing item of knowledge: Mr. Shamir's is to be a government of continuity, so there will be no firing-squad for the minister of finance. Mind you, I would be sorry to see Aridor go; after all, we should be grateful for all those lovely presents, the cars and televisions and videos, he gave us from the government's restricted reserves.

But then, Aridor is at least 100 per cent consistent. Captain Bluntish of *Arms and the Man* made the point to Raina that all people tell some lies sometimes. Conversely, they also tell the truth.

# Black Monday

TELEREVIEW  
Philip Gillon

occasionally. The minister of finance has become as reliable as an expensive Swiss watch: we can plan our financial strategy on the assumption that every word he utters is, to quote Churchill again, a terminological inexactitude. If he says there will be no devaluation, we know that he means there will be one. If he urges us to put our nest-eggs in bank shares, it is clear that he intends the nests to be empty by morning.

On Tuesday, he made his bid to snatch from Arik Sharon the Nobel Prize for Hutzpa that I awarded to the minister without portfolio for daring to proffer advice about Lebanon; I suggested that Sharon, the architect of that disastrous campaign, had a cheek to open his mouth about our policy there. Aridor's claim to the hutzpa award is based on his assertion that he was not he, but the Alignment, that was to blame for the bursting of the great Med. Sea Bubble, as if we had not had seven years of the Likud's economic liberalism to destroy our belief in our own currency, not to mention Aridor's own new economics policy.

Mr. Aridor was more subdued but no less obdurate when he faced Ya'acov Ahimeir and TV's economic reporter Haim Plattner on Tuesday night's *Mabat*.

Ahimeir pressed him unmercifully. Doesn't he feel he has lost the confidence of his cabinet colleagues? The public? Doesn't he think he should resign? How can he carry on? Mr. Aridor was unfazed. For him it is everybody else who is crazy.

Unfortunately Plattner did not match Ahimeir. Presumably his role was to ask the tough economic questions. But either he did not do his homework or doesn't understand. (Surely Israel TV should have a reporter who does.) The economic question of the moment was the cabinet's last-minute give-away of 123 billion shekels to bank-share holders. Wednesday morning's press was full of the story. And the same morning the Treasury spokesperson lamely announced the Cabinet had made a mistake and was "correcting" its earlier decision so that the bank share holders would not have full benefit of linkage to the 23 per cent devaluation.

What the print press knew on Tuesday night, Plattner should certainly also have known. But he failed to question Aridor on this point which was the talk of the day throughout the Treasury — his beat.

Another claimant to the hutzpa prize is Mr. Ernst Japhet, chairman of Bank Leumi. He was one of the creators of last January's Stock Exchange panic by telling us repeatedly that the market was certain to collapse. On Tuesday, when common decorum should have kept him very quiet, he told us how wonderful the banks are.

BACK TO the prime minister's address. If I may venture a humble word of advice — after all, according to Aesop's fable, a mouse can help a lion — he must eliminate

from his speeches and thinking two phrases: "government of continuity" and "new economic policy." Both have very unpleasant connotations for the nation.

Of course, I can appreciate his difficulty. All the faces that he presented to the president did look very similar to those of the outgoing gang, who had made such a mess of things. Still, there was one important difference: there was a new boss man. Surely this is enough to warrant Yitzhak Shamir's claiming that he is introducing a government of change, not continuity.

As for the phrase, "new economic policy," I would suggest that he adopt the advice given by *mashavim* Shoshanna to Matti Golan on *This Is the Time*: advocate returning to the old economic policy, with a currency of our own and, like Candide, tending our own garden. I must say I did not support her objections to 120 Knesset members travelling so much: I don't think that it would be much loss if they were kept abroad permanently.

IT WAS RATHER tactless of Shimon Peres to try to take a rise out of the Aguda's Avraham Shapira — physically, this is certainly no easy feat. I would have thought that the Alignment are hoping against hope that the Aguda can see the writing on the wall, and, knowing on which side their bread is buttered, will change horses in midstream, if I may mix my metaphors. The scene of Shapira rising in all his majesty to defend his own against the baying of the pack was one of the most impressive our television has brought us from the Knesset.

I failed to understand Speaker Menahem Bevan's objections to Shulamit Aloni's doll. At times his Knesset is so like a kindergarten that it is little wonder that she thinks she should be allowed to play with her dollies if she wants to.

Thus, our poor new premier's merriest day of the year was turned into Black Monday, to add to the Black Friday and Black Saturday that the previous government contributed to our history. Perhaps Mr. Japhet and his banking friends will hand over to us some of the stately edifices with which they have marred the landscapes of Israel, to use as temples of mourning.

WE HAVE so many new series going that we cannot complain that Israel Television is not alert to our desperate need for escapism. *The Winds of War* is obviously going to hold the nation in thrall, just as *Rich Man, Poor Man* did: I have sunk in the esteem of my neighbour because I did not have the book to lend her, so that she could get ahead of the action.

I think that we have seen quite enough of *The Spanish Civil War*. When you have seen one slaughtered victim of man's inhumanity to man, that can keep you going for a long time. The theme seems to be clear that both the left wing and the right wing in Spain massacred anybody and everybody they could lay their diabolical hands on. The point has clearly been made: let us take it for granted — we have had a surfeit of these killings.

*Taxi* is very good, one of the best of the American comedies, with Louie the degenerate a real creation. But no comedy can touch the British *Yes Minister*: every succeeding episode seems somehow to be even funnier than the one that went before. It would be a kindness to many viewers to move this to 20.30.

THIS BOOK tells the story of what its author refers to in its introduction as "a strange interlude" in the history of Hollywood, a period in which it provided a home, however temporary, for an unusually large number of filmmakers and intellectuals from Europe. The reader should be forewarned that the Hollywood of the title is a geographical area and more than, though it includes, the film industry.

The image which first flashed across my mind upon seeing the title — that of the Siomak brothers, Fritz Lang, Joe May and others — is only a small part of the picture painted here by John Russell Taylor. The author of *Hitch* has included in this survey Hollywood's British colony as well as a multitude of European authors, artists and composers whose contacts with the movie industry were slight if they existed at all.

Taylor's reason for initially undertaking this work was his fascination with the incongruity of the situation. Literary figures of the stature of Thomas Mann and Bertolt Brecht, heirs to a centuries-old culture, suddenly found themselves in "the dream factory." Tragic as the causes of their exile may have been, they do not make the notion of Brecht bumping into Arnold Schoenberg in a Los Angeles supermarket appreciably less preposterous.

Though many emigrés chose to remain in America after the war, it is still correct to speak of the period dealt with in this book as an interlude. In 1933, immediately following Hitler's assumption of power, Heinrich Mann crossed the border into France. It was after Mann's death in America that the wheel turned full circle and a much earlier, voluntary, emigré, Charles Chaplin, left for Europe because of the political climate.

THE FACT that the movie moguls were all either immigrants, or the children of immigrants, did not ease the situation of the arrivals from 1933 onwards. The moguls were the most aggressively patriotic Americans conceivable, and it was only due to considerable pressure from successful members of the foreign colonies in Hollywood that Hurry Warner and Louis B. Mayer agreed to provide employment at a

# Strange interlude



Brecht: one of the unlikely figures in the dream factory.

STRANGERS IN PARADISE. The Hollywood Emigrés 1933-1950 by John Russell Taylor. London, Faber and Faber. 256 pp. £8.25.

Hillel Tryster

minimal wage for refugee writers, regardless of their commercial potential.

Earlier, during the 1920s, there had been another large wave of imported foreign talent, but the word "imported" itself makes the difference between the Twenties and the two following decades quite clear. Lubitsch, Murnau, Garbo, Chevalier and Dietrich were all lured to Hollywood by the prospect of international success. Those, like Mauritz Stiller, who did not acclimatize, were free to return to their native lands. Emil Jannings stayed until sound came. *The Blue Angel* still before him in Germany.

The emigrés under discussion in this book did not come because there were jobs waiting for them, nor could they go back if no jobs were found. Few were so internationally successful that they could live, like Feuchtwanger and Werfel,

without working. Otto Preminger, unemployed as a director, turned to acting. Billy Wilder, unemployed as a writer, starved. More was required of them than simple patience but, by the time Wilder directed Preminger in *Stalag 17*, both were well-established. Others were destined never again to achieve success in their new surroundings. In what measure this can be attributed to their exile can now only be debated, but it is nonetheless sad to think of E.A. Dupont, the director of Germany's hit of 1925, *Variety*, being relegated to such a figurative and literal monotony as 1953's *The Neanderthal Man*.

THE GERMANS and Austrians are at the core of this work, but the British and French are also examined at length. The British were most definitely there by choice. Where else could C. Aubrey Smith have made such a lucrative living, merely by playing himself? There has always been conjecture as to the extent to which the British colony really isolated itself in its Britishness. Smith certainly did. David Niven related that he would read no newspaper other than *The*

*Times* and was consequently always several days behind events. One morning almost a fortnight after the Anschluss, he exclaimed, "That whippersnapper Hitler!... he's marched into Austria!" doubtless in exactly the same tone in which, as the Duke of Wellington, he reacted to Napoleon's escape from Elba in *The House of Rothschild*. When war broke out, many of Hollywood's British citizens tried to return. Some did so, but all were advised that they would be of more use staying where they were. Hitchcock was specifically requested by His Majesty's Government to continue making films in America, and Alexander Korda was actively involved in British Intelligence operations. Both were accused of cowardice at the time.

In general, the French were looked at with more sympathy than the Germans in Hollywood. This could be because they had escaped from a defeated nation, rather than abandoned a country overrun by an internal evil. But that did not exempt French filmmakers from the rule that one was as good as one's last picture. Darryl Zanuck said, "Renoir has a lot of talent, but he's not one of us." It could just as easily apply to all those discussed in this book.

The book eventually comes to the rather hesitant conclusion that more good came of the whole experience than bad. There were individual tragedies and individual triumphs. Hollywood was probably enriched by it, and one can only regret the atmosphere that prevailed in the late 1940s which drove some of the emigrés away yet again.

MR. TAYLOR is quite candid about his "faltering German," traces of which are still evident in the text, which is otherwise well-written and includes many anecdotal gems. I am particularly fond of a short poem about Max Ophuls by James Mason. But perhaps it would have been advisable, in a book that devotes itself for such long periods to German literature, to have enlisted a collaborator with a more specialized knowledge of this field. However, even with its occasional faults in spelling and chronology, this book is well worth reading.

# Pollution

ACID RAIN by Robert H. Boyle and R. Alexander Boyle. New York, Schocken/Nick Lyons Books. 146 pp. \$8.95.

Charles Hoffman

THE VERY notion of "acid rain" sounds bad enough, and after finishing this book the reader will have a firm grasp of how bad it really is.

The phenomenon of acid precipitation includes rain, snow and dew tainted with high acid content, and is generated by the ever-increasing amounts of sulphur dioxide and nitrogen oxide spewed out by thermal power plants and vehicle exhausts. Once these chemicals are tossed into the atmosphere, they combine with the moisture there and turn into acid that can fall to earth as precipitation hundreds of miles from the source of the emissions.

The authors provide a clear account of how the phenomenon was first perceived by scientists, and the extensive damage it has done to lakes, fish and trees in parts of Europe and in the eastern parts of the U.S. and Canada. They also tell the depressing story of how vested interests (power companies and coal mining firms) combined with the pro-business policy of the Reagan administration in denying any connection between sulphur dioxide emissions from power plants and industries and the environmental damage to lakes and forests. Recently, however, two U.S. government reports concluded that there is a connection and that action should be taken to significantly reduce these emissions.

Although Israel seems to be getting a bit of acid rain from Europe, there appears to be little danger that our own oil and coal-burning power plants will generate large amounts, if only because the damage is usually done far from the source of the emissions. The alkaline composition of Israeli soils also has a buffering effect on the acid rain that falls here, thus neutralizing its destructive effects.

# Joan of Arc's feet

HOW TO WIN A PULLET SURPRISE by Jack Smith. New York, Watts. 260 pp. \$12.95.

David Brauner

of the word *workaholic* marks the birth of a new suffix, *oholic*. Conceivably, this insidious new suffix could be appended to such words as *stamp*, *book*, *food*, *sex*, and even *drink* which, coming full circle, would make the perfectly fine word *alcoholic* superfluous.

IN *How to Win a Pullet Surprise*, whose subtitle is *The Pleasures and Pitfalls of Our Language*, Jack Smith filters out many of these recent imitations and holds them up for all to see. Smith is not a scholar or an authority. He is columnist on the *Los Angeles Times* and his beat is the English language. He follows the vagaries of English just as his colleagues follow politics or sports. Much of his material, including the title of his book, is posted to Smith

by interested and, in many cases, concerned readers.

Smith generously awards pullet surprises (if you haven't already guessed, a student's malapropism for Pulitzer Prize as in "In 1937, Eugene O'Neill won a Pullet Surprise.") to entries like "Scottish derelict," "milk of amnesia," "in the mist of the battle," "the commission of stationary rape" and, most ingenious of all, "youth in Asia" for euthanasia.

You don't have to sit in a classroom to distinguish yourself in the field of English littering. You can be the policeman who said, "From now on we shall offer police jobs to qualified women regardless of sex." Or you can be the politician who, addressing a group of housewives, announced, "Ladies, I have some figures which I want you to take home in your heads, which I know are concrete." Or an Irishman at a rugby game: "Suddenly the ball landed in the grandstand. There was little delay. The boys called 'The ball'. The ball.' A voice from the

grandstand called back, 'To hell with ball, get on with game!'

Anonymity is probably the highest qualification for injecting into English those lasting words and phrases which, if the originator were known, would make his name as immortal as Shakespeare's. And the highest form of anonymity is graffiti. A correspondent submitted the following sequence to Jack Smith: "To be or not to be" — Hamlet. The next day someone added, "To do is to be" — Jean-Paul Sartre. The next day someone added, "To be is to do" — Albert Camus. The next day someone added, "Do be do be do" — Frank Sinatra. That's writing on the men's room wall at its best and most existential.

But if the originator happens to be famous, like Casey Stengel, the New York Yankees baseball club manager, then the words only stick when attributed to the name. So the after dinner speaker may say something like, "And as Casey Stengel once said, 'A lot of people my age are dead at the present time.'"

While on the subject of death and, indeed, famous last words, Smith reports on an exchange that

took place at the bedside of a dying dean: "Is he dead yet?" someone asked, and received the answer, "Feel his feet. Nobody ever died with warm feet." Upon which the dying man said, "Joan of Arc did."

SMITH'S BOOK is not merely a list of *Reader's Digest* "Quotable Quotes." His reporting is combined with a good deal of common sense commentary and opinion. He often makes his points by taking current trends in English to the absurd. The insistence of feminists that *person* be substituted for *man* as in *chairperson* reaches ridiculous heights in words like *cowperson*, *caveperson* and *Portuguese-person-of-war*. At its most absurd, the trend was adopted by a small West Coast town in the U.S., which substituted the phrase *sewer access structures for manholes*. Smith goes on to hazard that manhole covers be called *sewer access structure closure devices*.

A certain unevenness, unfortunately, plagues the book, because it is, after all, a collection of Smith's newspaper columns, so some chapters are simply more inspired than others. But English needs all the help it can get, so we won't quibble.

IRELAND PRESENTS a troubled and confusing face to the world. The entanglement of religion and politics, and the street violence and bombings in Northern Ireland, seem to betoken a world vastly different from the rest of Western Europe. Paul Johnson, a former editor of the British left-wing journal *New Statesman*, and now a prominent supporter of Mrs. Thatcher's Conservative Party, as well as the author of several works on British history, has written a brief but admirably fair-minded account that helps to explain how this different world developed.

A most important factor, for obvious geographical reasons, is the relationship between Ireland and her powerful neighbour to the east. For the most part, England's policy has been to ensure that Ireland presents no threat to England, with a minimum of direct involvement.

Ireland's attitude to England has veered between two schools of thought. Edmund Burke voiced the first when he said, "Ireland cannot be separated for one moment from England without losing every source of her present prosperity, and every hope of her future." But Wolfe Tone, a Protestant turned freethinker revered today in Catholic Eire as one of the founding fathers of the State, gave expression to the second as follows: "The truth is, I hate the very name of England. I hated her before my exile and I will hate her always."

IRISH HATRED of England has ample historical justification. Oliver Cromwell had taken English policy to its logical conclusion by subjugating a hostile Catholic population, and by intensifying the policy of granting large tracts of land, especially in Northern Ireland, to Protestants loyal to London. In one sense the policy was wise. The risk of foreign-backed rebellion using Ireland as a base was real. And it materialised in 1689 when the Catholic British monarch, James II, lured there with French troops in an attempt to wrest the crown from the new Dutch Protestant King, William III. A desperate defence of the port of Londonderry by the newly implanted settlers, combined with the bad tactics of the invaders, helped to ensure the ultimate defeat of James II at the Battle of the Boyne.

But the harshness with which the policy was carried out bred deep-

## Curse of Cromwell



The massacre of Irish loyalists at Wexford bridge, 1798.

**IRELAND: Land of Troubles: A History from the Twelfth Century to the Present Day** by Paul Johnson. New York, Holmes and Meier, 244 pp. No price stated.

Ralph Amelan

rooted resentment in the Catholic community. As the threat of revolt receded, guilt and shame were aroused among Protestants on both sides of the Irish Sea. A group of Irish Protestant reformers pressed hard for measures to lessen the civil disabilities and economic plight of the Catholic population. A sympathetic Whig government under Pitt agreed in 1783 to the formation of a quasi-independent Parliament in Dublin but attempts to extend the franchise to Catholics were blocked by conservative Protestants, anxious to safeguard their religious and economic interests.

ENTER WOLFE TONE. Capitalizing on Catholic frustration, his oratory whipped up nationalist sentiment based on the philosophy of

famine of 1845-51, and emigration to the United States, severely reduced the manpower available to the new state, and the Protestant majority in Northern Ireland, with deep-rooted fears of Catholic domination, succeeded in ensuring that Ulster remain part of the United Kingdom.

The nationalists that had come to power by violence refused to give up their hallowed customs after independence, and political assassinations swallowed up many of Ireland's foremost leaders. De Valera managed to stabilize the state by being pragmatic in deed while remaining extremist in his language. He recognized that Ulster could not be coerced into Eire, while publicly maintaining that Northern Ireland was an indivisible part of the Irish Free State.

As Ireland's Catholics of the late eighteenth century turned to Wolfe Tone's revolutionary rhetoric after the reform movement ground to a halt, so Ulster's Catholics of the 1960s and 1970s turned to the I.R.A., after the civil rights movement, which had hoped to improve their status of second-class citizens, was halted by violent Protestant resistance.

AS IF to counteract the wild emotions that have characterized Irish history, Paul Johnson's account is dispassionate throughout. The only detectable animus in the book is when he is describing De Valera's determination to keep Eire neutral in World War II. His "neutrality" extended to offering the Nazis' man in Dublin his condolences on the demise of Hitler a week before the end of the war.

Johnson concentrates more on England's options in dealing with Ireland than Ireland's options in dealing with England.

But the Irish did have a choice in how to come to terms with their history. Although the cruel shedding of blood often deludes a people into choosing a course of action that must inevitably lead to bloodshed, wise realistic advice from Burke and his supporters was there to be followed. Instead Tone won the day, and lost the war. The honour paid to him today as a founder of Eire endows his emotional and unrealistic policies with the aura of heroism, and threatens to lead future generations of Irishmen, Protestant and Catholic alike, down the road to slaughter.

The Ireland that ultimately achieved independence in 1921 was therefore weaker than it might otherwise have been. The potato

## Sportsmen

**PARKINSON'S LAW** by Michael Parkinson. Arrow, 156 pp. £1.50.

**FAMOUS SPORTING FIASCOS** by Stephen Winkworth. The Bodley Head, London, 200 pp., £5.95.

Philip Gillon

MOST BOOKS about cricket either stress the beauty of a stylish game played in tranquility in villages in the South of England on long, summer afternoons, or are devoted to tough Test matches between international sides. Michael Parkinson writes about a type of cricket that was even rougher and grimmer than anything the international arena has ever known — the cricket played in Yorkshire and Lancashire villages in the Twenties and Thirties. This was no genteel, gentlemanly game but a vicious fight, with no holds barred. It was a game worshipped by its exponents and their supporters more devoutly than any cricket played at Lord's.

Parkinson also writes about Northern village soccer, which was just as ferocious as the cricket. He grew up on a housing estate nicknamed Debtors' Retreat, because rent and other collectors risked their lives by going there. His father was a great all-round sportsman, who taught the boy to love games, and was far less impressed by his offspring becoming a well-known sports writer and television commentator, earning masses of money, than he would have been had Michael become another Len Hutton, or maybe — a compromise — a Stanley Matthews.

These nostalgic sketches, written with the skill of Hutton killing a ball with a dead bat on a bowler's wicket, will delight everyone who loves the North of England, with its heart of gold beneath its somewhat rugged exterior.

STEPHEN WINKWORTH'S collection of sporting anecdotes has been given a rather misleading title, because the word "fiasco" will provoke in most people an expectation of events that turned out to be hilarious. Winkworth applies the definition to anything untoward — it can even be something tragic, such as the kidnapping of cyclists in an Italian road race during the post-World War II period of food shortages, and their subsequent murder and conversion into sausages by a local butcher. Another instance is the "futsal war" between El Salvador and Honduras, sparked by a classic victory in a soccer match, and ending in the deaths of more than 3,000 people being killed in four days of warfare.

Even when the incidents are funny, Winkworth writes about them in a rather non-hilarious way. There is the case of the cricketer who kept his pipe in his pocket, with interesting results, as the drawing by Jacques indicates. There was the soccer ball punctured by accurate rifle fire as it was about to enter the goal. There was the cricket "bowl-ing machine" that nearly decapitated the Rev. Mr. Pickering of Eton, long before Larwood bowled bodyline. The style of presentation is deadpan, and even at times sadistic.

This is a lucid, sobering look, and compulsory reading for statesmen and laymen alike. Crisis or disaster could strike at any time. As the author concludes: "The pieces are even now on the board; the game could begin at any time."

COMPRESSED WITHIN this slim volume is a fully documented account of Soviet *realpolitik* and duplicity which all Jews should make a point of reading. It constitutes a gloomy tale of mass deception and self-deception that took this particular reader all the way back to World War II, when the English were exhorted to send comfort and assistance to "our gallant Russian allies."

I remember queueing up as a schoolboy in Liverpool to catch a glimpse of the Stalingrad Sword, a token of the British public's admiration for the Red Army and the Soviet people. How grieved I was by the death in action of General Ivan Danilovich Chernyakhovski, the youngest Red Army commander, and one of my Jewish war heroes. And how naively enthusiastic was our congregational singing of "Adon Olam," one Sabbath morning at the end of the war, to the tune of "The Volga Boatmen!"

What we never knew throughout those years, of course, was the extent to which "Uncle Joe" Stalin and his assorted henchmen had succeeded in manipulating public opinion from left to right all over the democratic, non-Communist world. Not until some point in 1948 did we begin to suspect that Jews in the USSR were going through difficult times.

IN ONE WAY or another, millions of well-meaning, liberal-minded people in the United States, Great Britain and other Western countries were taken in by Soviet propagandists and agents during and after World War II. Statesmen were persuaded to overlook evidence of Russian double-dealing and criminality, for fear of rocking the Allied boat. Intellectuals, manipulated by Communist front organizations and by fellow-travellers, continued to chant "unity" slogans and to back campaigns against (Western) "imperialism". Jewish leaders, writers and scientists in the Free World, however, were a major target of Soviet propaganda, which regarded them as potentially the greatest reservoir of pro-Russian sympathy after the Holocaust.

It is important to bear these facts in mind when settling down to read Dr. Shimon Redlich's book on the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee. (Anyone unfamiliar with the subject should first consult the lucid and succinct article by Prof. Yehuda Slutsky in Volume 3 of the *Encyclopaedia Judaica*.) Above all, what must be recognized is the fact that the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee (JAC) was not a voluntary body, but an instrument of Soviet propaganda which got out of hand and had therefore to be liquidated. Extraordinarily enough, the formation of the JAC was first suggested to the Russians by Viktor Alter and Henryk Erlich, two leading refugee members of the Polish Jewish Bund and the Socialist Internationale, who had been sentenced to death and then briefly released from prison in September 1941. Their initial offence had been to criticize Stalin's non-aggression pact with Hitler; the pretext for their eventual execution, just three months later, was a "Trotskyite" conspiracy with the Nazis.

An ominous portent of things to come, the fate of Alter and Erlich (whom we glimpsed briefly in *Image Before My Eyes*, a YIVO documentary on Polish Jewry screened by Israel Television last June), aroused a storm of protest in the West, and proved highly damaging to Soviet

interests abroad. Together with Stalin, Molotov and Beria had also miscalculated Russia's ability to withstand Hitler's panzer divisions. They accordingly fell back upon the ill-fated Bundists' proposal of an "anti-Hitlerite committee" of prominent Jews, so as to whip up foreign sympathy and support for the USSR. A key factor in this *démarche* may well have been the impressive response by Jews in America and Palestine to recent appeals from their "Jewish brethren" in Moscow.

Among the stage and screen personalities were Sergei Eisenstein,

## Mass deception



Ilya Ehrenburg with Russian-Jewish soldiers at the front.

**PROPAGANDA AND NATIONALISM IN WARTIME RUSSIA: The Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee in the USSR, 1941-1948** by Shimon Redlich. New York, Columbia University Press (for East European Quarterly), xxi + 236 pp. \$26.00.

Gabriel Sivan

interests abroad. Together with Stalin, Molotov and Beria had also miscalculated Russia's ability to withstand Hitler's panzer divisions. They accordingly fell back upon the ill-fated Bundists' proposal of an "anti-Hitlerite committee" of prominent Jews, so as to whip up foreign sympathy and support for the USSR. A key factor in this *démarche* may well have been the impressive response by Jews in America and Palestine to recent appeals from their "Jewish brethren" in Moscow.

WHO DIRECTED the JAC, what were its specific aims, and how did it operate? Although Communist Party membership did not govern the composition of the Committee, which was never formally elected, those chosen to head it were recruited from the Soviet Jewish elite and must have been considered politically reliable. Moreover, as a tool of the regime's war propaganda, the JAC formed part of the Soviet Information Bureau, and was thus carefully supervised by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

An entire chapter of Dr. Redlich's book is devoted to a "membership profile" of the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee. Subtle window-dressing reduced Party representation to a minimum, both at home (in the JAC) and abroad (among the various pro-Soviet front organizations). Even the presidium of the JAC mainly comprised eminent Jewish writers, actors, film directors, musicians and scientists, with a few war heroes thrown in for good measure.

Among the stage and screen personalities were Sergei Eisenstein,

Solomon Mikhoels and Ida Kaminska (a Polish refugee); the musicians included Emil Gilels and David Oistrakh; Lina Stern (the only woman member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences) and Miron Vovsi, who was destined to figure in the infamous "Doctors' Plot", were prominent scientists.

Literature and journalism were particularly well represented in the JAC: by Ilya Ehrenburg, Vasili Grossman, Samuil Marshak and David Zaslavski (in Russian); and by David Bergelson, Shkhu Epshteyn, Itzik Fefer, Chaim Grade, Shmuel Halkin, Leib Kvitko, Perets Markish, Der Nister (Pinhas Kahanovich), Isaac Nusinov and Abraham Sutskever (in Yiddish). The Red Army officers were headed by two generals.

With an eye to Jewish public opinion overseas, the Kremlin permitted JAC spokesmen to express Jewish national sentiments that must have been repressed for many years. At meetings and in broadcasts, speakers referred to the burning of synagogues, to Nazi mass murder of Jews and to heroic acts of Jewish resistance.

TWO DIFFERENT, often conflicting, positions emerged within the JAC. One, adopted by Epshteyn, Fefer and Kvitko, was that pro-Soviet propaganda among Jews abroad must be the Committee's real concern. Epshteyn, who functioned as secretary of the JAC and as chief editor of its mouthpiece, *Eynikart*, evidently served as the NKVD's (and Beria's) watchdog in the JAC. Fefer, another Party loyalist, had attained the rank of colonel in the Red Army. Following his prolonged overseas tour with Mikhoels in 1943, he took part in JAC efforts to revive Jewish cultural life in the USSR while keeping up his official role as a Soviet propagandist.

The second position, maintained by Mikhoels, Markish, Der Nister, Nusinov and several others, was that the JAC should utilize the opportunities available to document the Holocaust, counter anti-Semitic agitation (e.g., claims that Russian

Jews were "fighting in Tashkent," away from the front line), resettle Jewish war victims and rebuild Jewish culture in the USSR. Mikhoels was chairman of the JAC. As an actor, as director of the Moscow Jewish State Theatre and as one close to many Russian intellectuals, he enjoyed enormous prestige. Mikhoels, with his traditional background and knowledge of Hebrew, reacted emotionally to the Hitlerite atrocities, felt a strong attachment to the *Yehov* and saw himself as the tribune of his people in the Soviet Union. Like Fefer, he was overwhelmed by the reception they received during their visit to Jewish communities abroad in 1943.

Markish, who appears to have been Fefer's *bête noire*, was the outstanding Yiddish poet in the USSR. His home environment had been religiously Orthodox and Zionist, and a visit to Palestine in 1923 reinforced the Jewish national feelings to which he gave marked expression during the war. Politically inactive, he was exposed to increasing attacks by Jewish Communist watchdogs and became alienated from the JAC. Der Nister's background was also strongly Jewish and in 1905 he had attended a conference of Poalei Zion. A "loner," pessimistic about Soviet Jewry's future, he believed that only foreign pressure could enable Yiddish culture to survive in the USSR.

Midway between these two camps stood Ilya Ehrenburg, one of the major personalities in the JAC, whom Stalin regarded as an asset to the regime. A great survivor who swam with the tide, he was fiercely anti-German and (with Vasili Grossman) became actively involved in the publication of a *Black Book* on the Holocaust which was eventually suppressed, although versions in English and Rumanian did appear soon after World War II. A good deal of information about the inner workings of the JAC and about Soviet anti-Semitism has been gleaned from the memoirs of this complex "intellectual acrobat."

IN THE LAST (three chapters of his book, Dr. Redlich surveys Jewish reactions to and contacts with the JAC in America and Palestine, and accounts for the postwar developments that led to the Committee's downfall in November 1948.

The visit of Mikhoels and Fefer to North America, in June-September 1943, was a triumph of pro-Soviet propaganda. One of its highlights was a mass rally which they addressed in Yiddish at the Polo Grounds in New York. This overseas tour, mainly intended to repair the damage caused by the Alter-Erlich Affair, was judged so vital to Soviet interests that Josef Stalin himself came to see them off at the airport.

If the American Zionist leaders thought that a new era of open bridges between Jews in Russia and the West might now be dawning, they were sadly mistaken. Such illusions were also apparent in Jewish Palestine, where Soviet diplomacy fostered much enthusiasm for the USSR, exploiting left-wing (Hashomer Hatzair) credulity and the wide-spread belief that the USSR would help remove the British after the war and support the establishment of a Jewish State. In this last respect, Soviet and Zionist interests would temporarily coincide, although Stalin never had any intention of allowing "his" Jews to become involved.

THE REST of the JAC story needs little elaboration. As a direct result

of the activities which it promoted throughout the USSR, the Yiddish literary revival, the growth of *Eynikart* and its readership, as well as contacts with Jews abroad, wide sections of Soviet Jewry began to expect a momentous revival of Jewish life and culture. Simultaneously, however, postwar developments made the JAC's continued existence superfluous and even potentially dangerous in Stalin's eyes. With the onset of the Cold War in Europe and the campaign against "un-American activities" in the United States, front organizations lost their value to the Kremlin.

Gromyko's pro-Zionist speech at the UN, in the spring of 1947, coincided with a rise of anti-Semitism at every level in Russian society. Mikhoels, whom the authorities blamed for the spread of Jewish "bourgeois nationalism" in the USSR, was murdered by security agents in January 1948; officially, until the truth was admitted after Stalin's death, Mikhoels had been the victim of a "traffic accident."

A "Zionist wave" engulfed Soviet Jewry following Israel's declaration of independence and *de jure* recognition by the USSR. Large numbers of Jews wrote to the JAC, expressing their readiness to volunteer for service in the armed forces of the new Jewish State. Ilya Ehrenburg, having quit the JAC in time, promptly issued a warning in *Pravda* to the effect that the only homeland of Russian Jews was the Soviet Union. The end came with ferocious rapidity. In November 1948, the JAC was closed down, *Eynikart* ceased publication, and thousands of prominent Jews were arrested. They were charged with fostering Jewish nationalism, with working for Western intelligence and with having attempted to establish a Jewish autonomous settlement in the Crimea. Twenty-six of the accused, headed by Bergelson, Fefer, Kvitko, Markish and Nusinov, were sentenced to death, and executed in August 1952. Solomon Lozovski, director of the Soviet Information Bureau, was among them; Der Nister died in a prison hospital.

While making due allowance for the anti-Semitic paranoia that afflicted Stalin, especially during his last years, it is also clear that the JAC leadership had gone far beyond what was expected of such a body. Focusing attention on race hatred, attempts to intercede on behalf of dispossessed Soviet Jews, and the fostering of Jewish sentiment and culture, were no part of the JAC's brief. In the end, therefore, activities that had been tolerated at an earlier stage were later brought as evidence against Fefer and his associates.

Redlich's book includes appendices listing all members of the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee and its presidium, detailed footnotes, useful bibliography and an index.

His "Conclusion" (pp. 171 ff.) markedly contradicts the assertion by Lucy Dawidowicz, in the January 1983 issue of *Commentary*, that the JAC was nothing more than a puppet organization created by the NKVD to serve Soviet interests. Such was no doubt the original intention, but *Propaganda and Nationalism in Wartime Russia* certainly proves that the JAC, for all the supervision of its watchdogs, aspired to a Jewish role that doomed it.

There are many lessons to be learned from this sombre chronicle, but it would be a miracle if Meir Wilner and other deluded Jewish Communists bothered to read it.

EDWARD N. LUTTWAK, a Senior Fellow at the Centre for Strategic and International Studies, Georgetown University, and consultant to the American Defence Department, possesses one of the most incisive and lucid minds at present pondering the problems of international relations. In this short book, which contains two valuable appendices on the economic basis of Soviet power, and the rise of Soviet military power since 1965, he assesses the strategic options open to the Soviets in the future.

He takes a middle-path between the optimists, who regard the Soviets as essentially peaceful, in their intentions, and explain Soviet expansionism as purely defensive in nature, and the pessimists, who regard the Soviet Union as today's Nazi Germany, a military empire expansionist by nature, waiting only to reach its full military potential, and the appropriate opportunity to strike. The parallel with the 1930s is enhanced by a similar lack of will to respond to force on the part of the European democracies.

The Soviets have reasons enough

## Soviet intentions

**THE GRAND STRATEGY OF THE SOVIET UNION** by Edward N. Luttwak. London, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 242 pp. £12.95.

Michael J. Cohen

to tempt them into hoping to improve their position by war. Communist ideology and Soviet economics are manifest failures. The large ethnic minorities resent the price to be paid for Soviet imperialism, and Soviet client states present additional economic burdens. Thus there arises what Luttwak calls a potentially disastrous combination of "regime pessimism" and military confidence: "Thus, e.g., today's strength is exploited to improve the prospects for a future which seems unfavourable." The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan is seen as belonging to this pattern.

BUT IT is Communist China, rather than the United States, which is seen by Luttwak as the Soviets' most logical target. The Americans are too remote geographically, and occupation would be out of the question. Apart from anything else, the Soviets rely too much on American grain and technology. On the other hand, the Chinese, with their long common borders, their defiant independence, and their ethnic competition, present the Soviets with their main, and closest challenge. China, too, would be too great to be either destroyed or occupied, and the Soviets would prefer accommodation. However, if this proved impossible, Luttwak foresees the possibility of a quick conquest of non-Han border territories, which would then be turned into Soviet client-states.

Would the United States respond to such an attack on her in-

ternal Chinese ally? It is in the West's will to respond resolutely and effectively to Soviet threats, whether in China or elsewhere, that Prof. Luttwak sees the key to world peace. The Soviets' current military superiority depends on what the West *refrains* from doing — in not devoting as great a proportion of its GNP to military power as the Soviets. However, apart from all the classic risks in making war, especially in the nuclear age, a Soviet attack might provoke the West into a greater mobilization of its potential than at present. But to prevent the ultimate catastrophe, and to maintain an effective Western deterrent, the Soviets must be convinced of the capacity and will of the West to respond effectively to provocation. (In this respect, the precedents of Afghanistan and Poland are not encouraging.)

This is a lucid, sobering look, and compulsory reading for statesmen and laymen alike. Crisis or disaster could strike at any time. As the author concludes: "The pieces are even now on the board; the game could begin at any time."

## WHAT'S ON

Notices in this feature are charged at IS224.20 per line including VAT; insertion every day costs IS4441.30 including VAT, per month.

**Jerusalem**  
**CONDUCTED TOURS:**  
 Tourists and visitors come and see the General Israel Museum Home for Gift, Jerusalem, and its beautiful activities and impressively modern building. Free guided tours weekdays between 9-12, 13, 24 or 5, Kiyat Moshe Tel. 523391.  
**HADASSAH:** Guided tour of all installations, a hourly tour at Kiyat Hadassah and Hadassah Mt. Scopus, a information, reservation: 02-11633, 02-426271.  
**Hebrew University:**  
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### Tel Aviv

**Tel Aviv Museum, Exhibitions:** Henry Carter-Brown, Photographer Picasso, Suite Vollard A.R. Penck, Expedition to the Holy Land. Seventeenth Century Dutch and Flemish Paintings. Eighteenth Century Italian Paintings. Impressionism and Post-Impressionism. Twentieth Century Art in Europe and United States. Archipenko, Early Works 1910-1921. Selection of Israeli Art from Museum Collection.  
**Visiting Hours:** Fri. closed, Sat. 10-2, Sun-Thur 10-10. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion.  
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## ART GUIDE

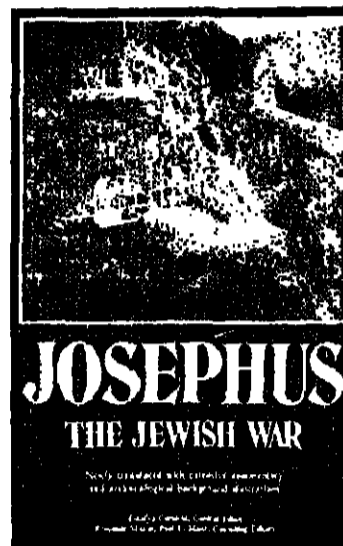
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### Jerusalem

**MUSEUMS**  
**Israel Museum, Opening Exhibition:** David Bomberg in Palestine, 1923-1927 (from 18.10). Continuing Exhibitions: Moritz Oppenheim, First Jewish Painter, Tip of the Iceberg No. 2, New Acquisitions of Israeli Art, Marie Metz, Italian artist, China and the Islamic World, ceramic influences (until 31.10); Old Lamp Section, Permanent Collection of Judaism, Art and Archaeology, Primitive Art; Looking at Pictures, Permanent Exhibit in Pre-history Hall, Contemporary Israeli Art, Special Exhibitions: Yehoshua Neustein, Drawings 1983, Torah Fluids (Rimonim) produced in Dan'a by Yehoshua Neustein at beginning of 20th century, Rockefeller Museum; Judean Kingdom Fortress at Kadesh Barnea; Wonderful World of Paper (Paley Centre next to Rockefeller Museum).  
**Old Yishuv Court Museum, The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century-World War II, 5 Reh. Or Habaim, Jewish Quarter Old City, Sun-Thur, 9 a.m.-4 p.m.**  
**Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Helchal Shalom:** Permanent Exhibition of Judaica. Diorama Room: History of Jewish People. Special Exhibition entitled, "People of Old Jerusalem", by the weaver Bracha Freedman, Sun-Thur, 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; Fri., 9 a.m.-12 noon. Tel. 635212.  
**Galleries**  
**Galerie Vidor Nouvelle, Khuzot Hayotzer, Y.S. Haniache, Original prints by international artists, Tel. 02-819084, 380031.**  
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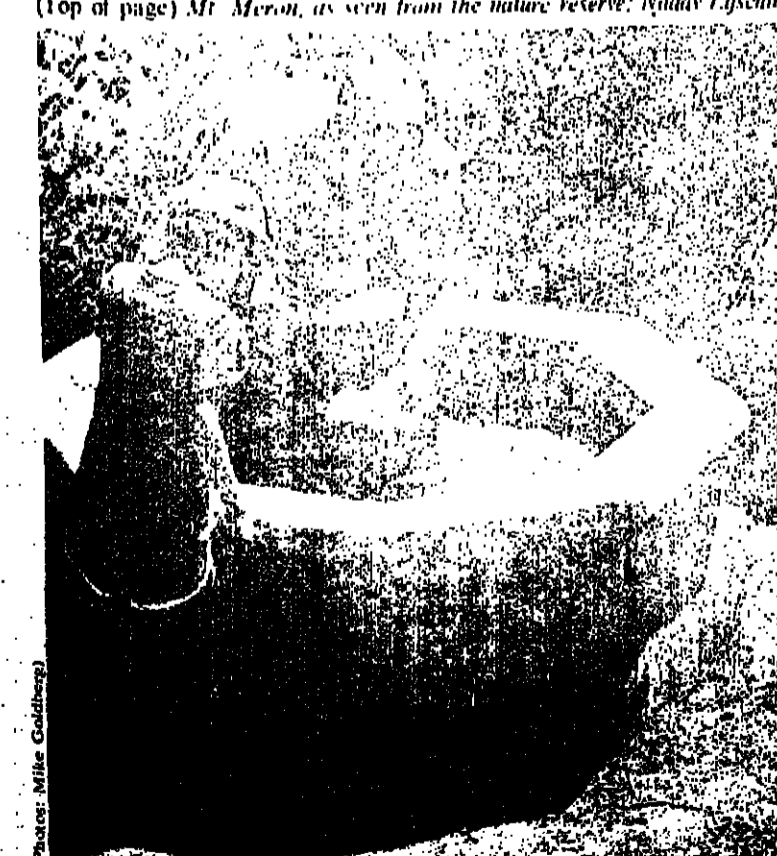
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# Fabric of history

During its golden age, Safad produced both the Kabbala and the world's finest woolen cloth. HAIM SHAPIRO recently visited Nahal Amud, the centre of that once-thriving industry and today a nature reserve.



(Above) Kibbutz youngsters tour Nahal Amud. (Below) One of ancient springs. (Top of page) Mt. Meron, as seen from the nature reserve. Nadav Lifschitz.



FOR THOSE of us who had the misfortune to grow up believing that history is a matter of knowing which king came first and who won which battle, or, for that matter, when and where the Jews were persecuted, there is a whole other world of history to be discovered.

It consists of finding out about real people - not necessarily the kings, or even the governors - and what they did and how they did it. Sometimes we can find hints of such history in documents, and sometimes in a building.

At Nahal Amud, a nature reserve near Safad, we can find out about a whole way of life from an old abandoned building, standing in a practically deserted valley.

The building is an old fulling mill, originally used for the processing of woolen cloth, which I visited together with Uri Lifschitz, the director of the Nature Reserves Authority.

All too often we think of a nature reserve in terms of trees and animals. In fact, Nahal Amud was once not only a centre of a thriving industry, but the mainstay of a mystical movement.

do volunteer work in the reserve, and this Baidats would like to expand, to include also young people from abroad.

"This is the path that the farmers used in the 16th century, when they brought their wool and grain to the mills in the valley," Baidats indicates, as we make our way down a steep trail.

This trail is slowly being improved; nothing spectacular, just a stone here to restore a step that once existed, a bush cut back there to make passage a bit easier. All this is done by volunteers, young people from the kibbutz and moshav youth movements, who work under the direction of Uri Lifschitz, director of the reserve. Lifschitz is the only paid worker in the reserve and his family are the only residents, living high up above the valley in a mountaintop retreat.

AT THE foot of the path we see our first spring, providing not just water for the vegetation, but also pure drinking water. However, much of the water that once flowed through Nahal Amud is no longer available, having been tapped at source by Mekorot, the national water authority. In days gone by the water was also utilized, but instead of running unseen in pipes, it flowed along picturesquely in open channels.

Part of Lifschitz's work has been to reconstruct a few of these channels. At the beginning of the valley there is a large open reservoir feeding a small fountain from the Islamic period. But during the peak of activity in the 16th century, when the mills were in operation, the water would be used over and over again as it made its way to Lake Kinneret.

In the 25 kilometres down to the lake, the plant and animal life ranges from alpine to desert. There is also evidence of trees that have died during the past few decades because the water courses which formerly caused them to flourish were diverted.

The surviving plant life includes grape vines, fig trees, pomegranate trees and even raspberry bushes. Some of the fruit trees date from the orchards that flourished here until about 50 years ago; one of Lifschitz's tasks is to recreate a small part of such an orchard.

THE TREES are not sprayed with pesticides and chemical fertilizers are not used - the object is not to engage in profitable agriculture. Indeed, visitors can feel free to pick

and eat the fruit, as long as they don't take more than they themselves can eat.

The main problem in the orchard is cutting down, which destroy the young trees by uprooting them. The animals seem to know that they are protected from hunters in the nature reserve, and thus tend to flock there. A few centuries ago, when the valley was filled with orchards and their watchmen, it was perhaps less of a problem to keep the wild pigs away. Now an electric fence is only partly effective.

The hours also account for a heavy odour in what appears to be the best preserved of the fulling mills, a ruin of a building with two large domed rooms. Here, Baidats tells us, the woven wool was immersed in water and beaten with water-driven hammers, to shrink it and lighten the weave.

"In those days you didn't buy a coat for a year or two. You bought it for your son and grandson as well," Baidats remarks, as we stand at the entrance to the structure. "We want to rebuild at least one of these mills, probably this one, and school groups can come and run it."

"There was even a time," he continues, "when the wool of Safad was considered superior to England's - just think of that." The technology was brought by Jewish refugees from Inquisition Spain, who found in the running streams not only the needed water power, but also the purity of water required for soaking wool. Baidats adds, with a degree of satisfaction, that after the expulsion of the Jews from Spain, the wool industry in that country suffered a slump.

In its heyday, in the 16th century, the Safad wool industry employed some 7,500 workers, providing a means of livelihood for a population of about 20,000.

It was these workmen, at their looms and their mills, who provided the wherewithal for such figures as Rabbi Yosef Caro, who compiled the Shulchan Aruch, and Rabbi Yitzhak Luria, the brilliant kabbalist. And when the mystics of Safad's golden age went to the outskirts of the town to welcome the Sabbath every week, they looked out over Nahal Amud.

The link between Nahal Amud and the mystics of Safad has not ended. Every Friday, dozens of yeshiva students and scholars come to perform their ritual ablutions here. The pools of the springs are their mikve.

הכזה מן האל

He WAS 17, yet to some he seemed tired. "I really need a vacation," he said to a friend. "Maybe a beach in Brazil or the Caribbean. But I can't just go out and get on an aeroplane. I don't know if I can ever fly from one country to another again." He spoke with gloomy fatalism to the woman journalist, Nadia Stephan, who interviewed him for the *Morning Star* weekly. His death seemed to be the only thing he was sure of. After he was gone — he said to Mrs. Stephan — he was certain that his children would carry on the struggle, as he did after the death of his father, whom he never knew.

"And when I die," he added, "there will be no room for grief. I hate grief. Grief means stagnation, and the revolution cannot afford it. I hope that those who'll follow my example will not do so by saying 'Abu Hassan did this or that,' but by asking 'What would Abu Hassan have done in this situation had he been alive?'"

His dark premonitions were correct. The very people who had tracked him all over the Middle East and Europe were searching for him again. Although years had passed since the Munich and Lod massacres, their bloody account with him had not been settled. Ali Hassan Salameh had been, and still was, one of the most cruel enemies Israel ever had. After what he had done, Salameh could not escape unhurt. The cruel vendetta might take five or 10 years, but it would

rarely left Beirut. They knew that he was always surrounded by an array of armed bodyguards. To hit him, they had to get to him on the rare occasions when he was defenceless, unprotected and naked.

Naked! During a late-night discussion, one of the veteran Mossad agents had a sudden inspiration. "He looks very fit," he said excitedly. "We know he used to practise karate. He must be a member of a health club!"

In the small hours of the morning, the latest edition of the Beirut Yellow Pages was brought into the conference room. The addresses of the health clubs, karate schools and saunas in the Lebanese capital were quickly singled out. The very next week, several new members, recently arrived in Beirut, joined the various health clubs in the city. For the next few months, they spent hours panting in the gymnasiums, taking karate lessons, swimming in the indoor pools, sweating in the Finnish saunas. For a long time their efforts brought no results. They had not spotted the club Salameh used; they knew neither the days nor the hours when he would drop in for some exercise.

Some of the agents began to lose hope, as well as weight, until one afternoon, seven months after the operation started. A young agent, who had joined a health club in the centre of Beirut, decided to change his visiting hours, and went to the



## Like father, like son

Ali Hassan Salameh, son of a Palestinian commander killed in the 1948 war, became a Mossad target after he planned the 1972 Munich Olympic massacre. It took more than six years and five unsuccessful attempts before the Israelis caught up with the terrorists in Beirut's rue Mme. Curie on January 22, 1979. In an excerpt from their new book, MICHAEL BAR-ZOHAR and EITAN HABER describe how the trap was sprung.

not be abandoned.

Years had passed since the Likhiamer fiasco. In Israel, Golda Meir had gone, Yitzhak Rabin had resigned, and a new prime minister, Menachem Begin, the former leader of the Irgun, was now in power. The Palestinian terror against Israel continued in sporadic outbursts. In 1976, the hijacking of an Air France plane to Entebbe, in Uganda, had resulted in a daring rescue raid by Israeli paratroopers and Mossad agents. In 1978, Fatah commandos landed undetected in Israel, hijacked a civilian bus and proceeded to Tel Aviv. They were stopped by a roadblock on the outskirts of the city and were finally "overpowered," but not before they had murdered 35 civilian passengers. When civilians, men, women and children, were brutally murdered in a series of terrorist incursions into Israeli territory, "Israel felt that no terrorist with blood on his hands could be left in peace. In the late 1970s Salameh's name was on the avengers' list once again.

THEY KNEW that the Red Prince

sauna in the very late afternoon. He walked in, discarded his towel, and sat on the hot wooden bench. Somebody had emptied a pail of water on the glowing embers and the small, dark room was full of white steam. As the thick fumes subsided, the newcomer slowly distinguished a naked body and a face emerging from the trembling patches of steam. And he found himself face to face with the stark naked Ali Hassan Salameh.

The discovery was followed by a few weeks of hectic activity. A large amount of explosives was smuggled into Beirut. A powerful bomb was prepared, and a foolproof way was devised of smuggling the bomb into the health club. An expert sniper pinpointed the spot where the bomb would be placed, under the sauna bench. Escape routes for the operational team were prepared and rehearsed. The agents were ready to act, waiting only for the go-ahead.

But instead, the coded cable that arrived at the safehouse address in Beirut contained only four words: "Leave Beirut at once."

In a last consultation, at the highest level, an objection had been raised. An explosion in the sauna could cause many casualties and cost the lives of innocent civilians. Salameh had to be removed, that was true; but not at the expense of other people's lives. The operation was cancelled.

In Beirut, Salameh did not know that he had narrowly escaped death. Still, he continued speaking about his forthcoming death, which had gradually become an obsession with him. "I know that when my number is up, it will be up," he said to *Time* correspondent Dean Brels. "No one can stop it." In vain did his wife Georgina try to cheer him up. "You will never die," she told him over and over again. She was now with child, expecting Ali's baby in a few months.

"You are wrong," he answered wryly.

IN THE Muslim-inhabited part of war-torn Beirut all foreigners were suspected of being Israeli spies or secret agents. But Erika Mary

Chambers, the 30-year-old spinster known as "Penelope" to her neighbours, was so strange, so eccentric, that all who knew her agreed she was nothing but a genuine, harmless nut.

Miss Chambers had arrived in Beirut in November 1978. She had lived for the previous four years in Germany, but she was travelling under a British passport, issued in 1975. She had rented an apartment on the eighth floor of a corner building in the fashionable rue Verdun: her windows overlooked the narrow, busy Rue Madame Curie.

Always dishevelled, shabbily dressed, Penelope would emerge on the street with plates full of food for stray cats; her apartment was also said to be full of her beloved felines. Her second passion was painting. She would stand for hours by her windows, and paint the picturesque Beirut skyline, the needle-pointed mosques, the dark-green hills, and the sparkling bay. She proudly showed some of her canvases to her neighbours; but they quickly realized that Penelope's talents were rather limited. Still, they

treated her kindly and tolerated her peculiar ways.

The Englishwoman seemed to be very lonely and rather unhappy. Although she was said to be quite well off, she had no friends, went out very seldom and spent most of her life cloistered in her apartment. Everybody in the neighbourhood got used to seeing her chasing her cats in the street, or standing by her window, wearing an old smock, her brush and palette gripped in her thin hands.

They could not know, of course, that Penelope did not care for the Beirut skyline; nor did she hold in high esteem her own artistic talents. What really interested her was the busy traffic in the street below and more especially the daily passage of two cars under her windows: a tan Chevrolet station-wagon, always followed by a Land-Rover jeep. Using a private code, Miss Chambers would scrupulously note the times and the directions of the vehicles' movements. After a couple of months, a clear pattern emerged from her unintelligible scribbles: the two cars used the same itinerary twice a day. They came from the Snoubra neighbourhood, down Verdun and Curie streets towards the south, where the Fatah headquarters were situated. They came back at lunchtime, then reappeared in the early afternoon, heading south once again.

When Erika Chambers examined the two cars with powerful field glasses, she could easily identify the features of Ali Hassan Salameh, squeezed in the back seat of the Chevrolet between two armed bodyguards. Several other Fatah guerrillas, armed to the teeth, rode in the Land-Rover which followed Salameh's car.

There could be no doubt. Salameh's marriage to Georgina had steered him into a routine life with steady patterns of behaviour. For more than a year now he had been living with Georgina in a pleasant apartment in Snoubra. The Red Prince seemed to have forgotten that routine was the most dangerous enemy of the undercover man. He seemed to have forgotten his own sacrosanct rules: never to stay for too long a period at the same address; never to use the same itinerary twice; never to develop regular habits. He had sunk into dangerous serenity; and his desire to spend the afternoon hours with his lovely wife had turned into his Achilles heel.

At the beginning of January, Erika Chambers was ready.

AT 11.00 a.m. on January 13, 1979, the telephone rang in the Lenacur car rental office in Beirut. It was an overseas call from Zurich, and the man on the other end of the line identified himself as Peter Scrivner. He made a reservation for a small car, to be ready for him on January 18.

Peter Scrivner landed at Beirut International airport on January 17, arriving on a direct Swissair flight from Zurich. The immigration officer routinely leafed through his British passport No. 260896, issued in London, on October 15, 1975. "Purpose of the visit?" he asked.

"Business," Scrivner, wearing a well-tailored executive suit and a colourful striped tie, had a quick, pleasant smile.

"Welcome to Lebanon."

A cab took Scrivner to the Mediterranean Hotel on the beach. The next morning, at 10.00 a.m. sharp, Scrivner walked into the Lenacur office. He gratefully accepted a tiny cup of Turkish coffee and slowly sipped it while the clerk

prepared the rental papers. Scrivner's driving licence had been issued in 1978 at Basingstoke, Hampshire; the address on his licence was 11 Baronsmeade Road, London SW 13. When the forms were filled, Scrivner was given the keys for a small Volkswagen Golf, and drove it towards West Beirut.

He did not return straight to his hotel, though. At a prearranged rendezvous in the city he met another foreign tourist. Ronald Kolberg, a Canadian, had also arrived the day before and checked into the Royal Garden Hotel. He showed the reception clerk his passport No. DS 104227, and said he was a travelling representative for Regent Sheffield Ltd., a manufacturer of kitchenware and cutlery based in New York. He had rented a medium-sized Simca-Chrysler, also from Lenacur.

Lenacur was definitely a popular company with foreign secret agents. The next morning, a rather eccentric lady appeared at the company office and rented a Datsun. Erika Chambers mumbled some thing about her worn-out nerves and said to the receptionist that she would like to get some rest out of town. The obliging clerk suggested to the English lady some pleasant resorts in the nearby mountains. Miss Chambers listened attentively and promised to follow the girl's advice. But instead of heading towards the mountains, she filled the small Datsun with petrol, parked it

hotel. The cutlery and kitchenware sales representative drove up the rue Verdun and past the elegant apartment building where Ali and Georgina Salameh were living. The guards assigned to the 24-hour watch over the Red Prince's residence were at their usual positions. Kolberg continued driving into the Christian-inhabited East Beirut, and then took the road north to the port of Junieh. He made the 15-mile stretch in barely a quarter of an hour. He checked into the Montmartre Hotel and took a room for one night.

IN DAMASCUS, Yasser Arafat opened the afternoon meeting of the Palestinian National Assembly. The semi-annual conference had started in the morning. Yasser Arafat expected the arrival of Ali Hassan Salameh in the later afternoon. His young protégé had promised to drive to the Syrian capital in time to take part in the night session.

In her apartment in West Beirut, Salameh's mother, the old Um-Ali, also expected a visit from her son. Today was the birthday of the daughter of Jihad, Ali's sister; he had promised his mother that he would drop in at the child's birthday party before he left for Damascus. Um-Ali impatiently expected her son. She was proud of his important position in the PLO, although she could not stop worrying about his personal safety. Two days before he had told her about his work and

the driver, opened the door of the stationwagon. Ali climbed into the back seat, flanked by two of his bodyguards. The two others took their places in the Land-Rover with the other members of the escort.

The two cars set off on their way towards Um-Ali's house. They were to proceed to Damascus immediately afterwards.

About a kilometre to the south, Erika Chambers closed the window of her apartment and stood by it, watching as if hypnotized the small Volkswagen parked below her window.

The Chevrolet station-wagon and the Land-Rover jeep drove slowly down rue Verdun and turned into rue Madame Curie. The traffic was sparse, easy. Barely 10 yards now separated Salameh's station-wagon from the rented Volkswagen, squeezed between some other parked cars.

Eight yards. Six. Four. Two. Erika pressed her face to the window pane and opened her mouth, to protect herself from the shock wave. She pressed the switch at her side, activating the remote-control device.

The Chevrolet sailed smoothly past the blue Volkswagen. At that very second the Volkswagen exploded, turning into a huge ball of fire. The Chevrolet, engulfed by the fire, blew up in turn. Chunks of metal, splinters of glass, parts of human bodies were projected violently upwards, as a roaring

Jihad dialled Ali's number. "There is quite a commotion here," she mumbled, while as a sheet. Her mother ran out into the street. Ten minutes later she reached Ali's house. Some Fatah guerrillas stood on the pavement. The old woman saw tears running down their faces.

Georgina parked her small sports car in front of the American University Hospital and hurried inside. The Red Crescent ambulances were just unloading the last victims of the explosion. A hundred pounds of plastic explosives had killed eight and wounded 16 people.

In the general commotion at the corner of rue Verdun and rue Madame Curie, nobody paid any attention to Erika Chambers as she casually walked out of the house and got into her rented Datsun.

Fifteen minutes later she was speeding on the highway towards the port of Junieh. At the same time, Ronald Kolberg walked out of the Montmartre Hotel and leisurely drove towards the beach.

At the very same moment, in the American University Hospital, the surgeon on duty shrugged in despair. A jagged metal fragment was buried deep in the brain of the young man they had just wheeled in. A few minutes past 4 p.m., Ali Hassan Salameh died on the operating table.

AS DARKNESS was falling over Lebanon, a boat approached the port of Junieh. A rubber dinghy was

been slain by Black September in Munich. "I have been waiting for years for this day," she whispered. Later, as newsmen assailed her modest apartment, she said in a small voice: "In my name and in the name of all the other widows, I want to thank those who did it."

ARAFAT and his friends were to come out of hiding in a few days for the funeral of Salameh. More than 50,000 Palestinians flocked to the Martyrs' cemetery for the burial of the Red Prince. Fatah guerrillas, in leopard-spotted uniforms, their red keffiyehs wrapped around their faces, swung their Kalachnikovs above their heads. Clenched fists were furiously brandished in front of the television cameras and a multitude of faces distorted with hatred glared at the foreign newsmen who had come to the obsequies. Arafat participated in the last rites in a nearby mosque, then went out, flanked by his bodyguards. His voice rose over the roar of the electrified crowd. His harangue erupted in shrill, uneven outbursts: "We bury a martyr!" he shouted. "Goodbye, my hero! Stand proud! We will continue to march on the road towards Palestine!"

THE BLACK coffin emerged from the mosque entrance, seeming to ride the roaring waves of a demented human sea. Angry guerrillas fired shots into the air. A big portrait of Salameh was plastered to



Three generations: (from left) father Hassan Salameh; son Ali Hassan Salameh; Ali's son Hassan, with Arafat, at his father's funeral. Inset photo is of Ali Hassan Salameh. (Right) The blown-up car.

a few hundreds yards from home, and returned to her easel and brushes on the eighth floor.

On Sunday, January 21, Peter Scrivner checked out of the Méditerranée Hotel. While paying his hotel bill, he said something vague about driving to Amman, in Jordan. Instead he drove his car to rue Madame Curie, quite close to the intersection with Rue Verdun. He parked his Volkswagen in the narrow street, in full view of Erika Chambers's panoramic windows, then hailed a cab to the airport. He caught a Cyprus airlines flight to Nicosia. Erika Chambers never made contact with him. But she recognized the Volkswagen, and knew why it had been parked under her windows.

January 22, was a cold, overcast day. A biting wind blew from the sea. On the blurred horizon, beyond the limits of Beirut Bay, one could notice the grey silhouettes of several unidentified boats — a not uncommon sight in Lebanon.

Ronald Kolberg got up rather early that morning, dressed in a grey business suit and checked out of his

about several new Fatah organizations which had been placed under his command. "You are going to be proud of your son," Ali said.

She had nodded her head. Yes, she was proud of him already; but he should be more careful. She knew the Israeli secret services were after him. When she had seen him, two days before, she had asked him to take extra security measures. Maybe he should change cars, she had said, and not always use the same streets on his way to work. And what about installing a short-wave transceiver in his car?

He had laughed. "I shall live to see my hundredth birthday," he had lied. "Take it easy, mother."

At 3.45 p.m. he parted from Georgina. She was five months pregnant now, and he patted her swelling belly. "It will be a girl," he predicted.

"I want a boy," Georgina retorted. "I want a boy that will look like you. I want another Ali."

"And I dream of a girl as charming as you," Salameh said, and left the apartment. His four bodyguards accompanied him to his car. Jamil,

column of fire and smoke spurted from the devastated vehicles. Tiny bits of iron buzzed by the windows like stray bullets and sprayed the nearby walls with tremendous impact: the twisted chassis of the station-wagon, lifted off the ground by the explosion, crashed heavily to the pavement, where the flames immediately turned it into a gigantic torch. Some passers-by, eyes wide, stared with horror at the inert bodies of the Chevrolet's passengers, strewn about the smouldering debris.

The strident wail of police cars and ambulances broke out in the distance, and a frightened crowd warily started to assemble around the wrecked vehicles. The first ambulances carried the four bodies of the occupants of the Chevrolet. Several pedestrians lay on the sidewalk, wounded. The Land-Rover had caught fire too, and its passengers were dead.

At her apartment Um-Ali heard the thunder of the explosion. Gripped by a dark premonition, she turned to her daughter, Jihad. "Call your brother!" she whispered.

lowered into the murky water. Only the following morning were local policemen to discover two rented cars, a Datsun and a Simca-Chrysler, neatly parked on the beach. Ronald Kolberg and Erika Chambers were never seen again.

In Damascus, a harried messenger made his way into the big conventional hall of the Meridien Hotel, repeatedly flashing his ID card to the armed Fatah sentries. He approached the podium and handed a telex to Arafat. The PLO leader looked up at him, stunned. "Cable back," he hoarsely muttered, "and ask for confirmation."

When a second telex arrived, a few minutes later, he burst into tears. After he recovered from the initial shock, though, he darted out of the hotel and disappeared into hiding, fearing that Salameh's death was part of a Zionist plot to eliminate all the PLO leaders.

In Tel Aviv, the news was broadcast on the television evening news. In her apartment, Ilana Romano could not control her tears. She was the widow of Yosef Romano, the weightlifting champion who had

the front of the sinister wooden box. Arafat grasped one of the front palls of the coffin as his bodyguards tried to clear a path through the screaming crowd. The other pallbearers were notable leaders of the Fatah. The first wife of Salameh and his two sons walked behind the coffin. Georgina was not allowed to come near her husband's body.

When the procession reached the grave site, Arafat sat on the ground, looking fixedly at the coffin. Ali Hassan Salameh had died at 38, almost the same age as his father, Sheikh Hassan, before him. Arafat heaved young Hassan Salameh, Sheikh Hassan's grandson and Ali's eldest son. The 13-year-old boy was dressed in a guerrilla outfit, a cap on his head, a keffiyeh wrapped around his shoulders. He was grasping a Kalachnikov assault rifle.

He was going to follow in the steps of his father.

Excerpted from *The Quest for the Red Prince*, by Michael Bar-Zohar and Eitan Haber. (New York: William Morrow & Co. 231 pp. \$15.95.) By arrangement with the authors.

هكذا من الأصل

TIN PAN ALLEY supplied the sweet nothings that generations of ardent swains whispered in their girls' shell-like ears — the best ears of their lives — while trying them for sighs. It provided the tunes that millions danced to and the music they marched off to war with. The songs helped people express their feelings far more readily than they could ever have done themselves, lifted their spirits and sustained them in their hour of need and often evoked unbearably poignant memories of days gone by.

At Marlene Dietrich's 1960 appearance at Binyceni Ha'uma, the hall was crowded with yekkes, generally considered to be a phlegmatic and unimaginative breed. Yet, when the Kraut launched into Friedrich Hollander's *Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuß auf Liebe eingestellt* (which I knew as *Falling in Love Again*), I was astonished to find that there wasn't a dry eye in the house; they were all sobbing their hearts out. For Israeli audiences, they should call Hollander's song *After the Bawl*.

"If it wasn't for you guys," Frank Sinatra once told a gathering of songwriters, "I'd be selling neckties." Yet, despite the songwriters' enormous contribution to popular culture, their fame is, well, unsung. "The average person never knows who wrote a popular song," Irving Caesar, who has been churning out hits since 1919, told me recently.

He's absolutely right, Richard Gerard, for instance, who ended his days as a New York post office clerk, used to carry a card with him to prove to anyone who betrayed the slightest interest that he had written that anthem of the convivially inebriated, *Sweet Adeline*.

Sometimes the songwriters forgot it themselves. Ernie Burnett, who wrote that durable number, *Melancholy Baby*, in 1911, was badly wounded while serving in France in World War I. The shellburst stripped not only his uniform and lost not only his dog-tags but his memory as well. Still bedridden after the Armistice, he was galvanized into action when an entertainment troupe visited the hospital and the soubrette sang *Melancholy Baby*.

"Why, that's my song!" he babbled, his memory restored — but they would have none of it. Everybody knows, they told him patiently, that Ernie Burnett was killed in the war.

Their creators may be forgotten but Tin Pan Alley's lyrics are better remembered, as Derek Jewell has pointed out, than the speeches of the world's leading statesmen, "except perhaps Churchill's and Kennedy's."

Well, I'll grant him Churchill's magnificent wartime oratory and even throw in the Gettysburg Address as a bonus, but the only line by which JFK is remembered — "ask not what your country can do for you" — was purloined from a peroration by a previous president. In other words, it was nicked from a speech by Harding who pinched it from William Jennings Bryan — and God alone knows where it originated.

IN 1977, in an attempt to preserve the memory of those whose potent music has helped to store up countless memories for others, the U.S. National Academy of Popular Music opened the Songwriters Hall of Fame Museum at One Times Square, like a rose on the dunghill that is now the heart of New York's theatrical district. Curator Frankie

MacCormick and staffer Ophelia Dismuke preside over America's largest collection of books, albums and original sheet music.

The real attraction for the popular visitor is, however, the collection of photos, artifacts and memorabilia displayed in the museum. These include Fats Waller's upright piano, Victor Herbert's stand-up desk, Gene Kelly's dancing shoes from *An American in Paris* (they look as if Leslie Caron trod on his toes more than once), Rudy Vallee's megaphone, Jimmy Durante's battered fedora, Fred Astaire's top hat and George Gershwin's custom-made Art Deco desk, which your indefatigable reporter found contained nothing more than a sheet of music and a pencil sharpener.

Soft music of the Golden Age of Pop Music wafts around the exhibits which are centred around a terracotta bust of Eubie Blake, the centenarian songwriter who died in February. One of his songs just about sums up the impact that the collection makes on the visitor:

And they all  
Just recall  
Memories of you.

THE JEWISH contribution to Tin Pan Alley is incalculable. Certainly it is out of all proportion to the number of Jews involved, and the reason is pretty clear. In showbiz, Irving Howe wrote, "people asked not, 'Who are you?' but 'What can you do?'" To many new immigrant Jews, Tin Pan Alley offered one of the few opportunities to get ahead and to finally get out of the clutches of The Loan Arranger ("You owe silver").

With a sort of savage self-deprecation, Lew Brown (né Brownstein) once wrote a lyric deriding

*Park Avenue librettos*  
By children of the ghettos  
but to many talented Jewish kids, the Alley offered a ray of hope, a commodity that was at a premium on the Lower East Side. A framed poster for the Belmont racetrack hung on the wall in Irving Caesar's apartment. Indicating it, I asked if he was a gambling man. His answer threw some light on the facts of Jewish immigrant life at the turn of the century.

"No, I'm not a gambling man," he said, "but I believe in a small bet; a little bit of hope is good for you." His mother, he told me, pinned all her faith in the future on an *achil*, the eighth part of a lottery ticket.

"Like Bessie," I suggested, "in Clifford Odets' *Awake and Sing*." "Exactly. Every day she took it out of the pot on the mantelshelf where she kept it," he said, "and kissed it."

"Did she live to see you make good?" I wanted to know.

"By the mid-Twenties," he recalled, with evident satisfaction, "I was able to give her \$100 a week — about eight times as much in today's money."

Caesar smiled. "She said she felt *wie Gott in Frankreich*."

After this Crash, Tin Pan Alley even offered a new beginning to some who had already escaped from the ghetto. Yip [Somewhere Over the Rainbow] Harburg, for instance, had run an electrical supplies company until 1929 when, in a flash, business short-circuited and he had to discharge his staff.

"I had my fill of this dreary, abstract thing called business," he explained later, "and decided to face reality by writing lyrics."

THE EARLY history of Jewish in-

## After the bawl



WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

volvement in writing America's popular songs has been explored in a book recently published by Klav, *The Jews of Tin Pan Alley*, written by Kenneth Aaron Kanter, assistant rabbi of Congregation Ohabei Shalom in Nashville, Tennessee. Once I had overcome my initial impression of Rabbi Kanter tap-dancing up and down the pulpit steps like Bill "Bojangles" Robinson in *The Little Colonel* — a sequence that featured in the titles of a recent Israel TV series, *Big Screen, Little Screen* — I found his book to be an invaluable guide to the subject.

The story begins with early 19th-century composers, such as John Howard Payne, born 1791, who wrote that durable ballad *Home Sweet Home*. Kanter soon introduces one of my favourite songwriters, Charles K. Harris, who in 1892 wrote *After the Ball*, the first American song to sell over 2,000,000 copies. Harris's estate would still be earning a fortune from the song, if it were not out of copyright, for it crops up regularly in those BBC TV series in which Little Langtry is forever misconducting herself in the shrubbery while the *Titanic* is about to sail with Lady Marjorie on board and Rupert Brooke is punting languidly down the Cam in that long golden summer before the war.

I shall always be indebted to Rabbi Kanter for giving us the complete lyrics of Harris's 1898 hit, *The Rabbi's Daughter*, the unbearably poignant tale of a Jewish maiden's revelation of The Love That Dares Not Speak Its Name. I shall take the precaution of reproducing only a few lines here, Gentle Reader, lest the lump in your throat should cause you to choke on your buttered toast:

"I love a man with all my heart,  
without him, I can't live.  
The Rabbi looked down at his child,  
and said to her, 'My dear, I love you too.'"

"One question answer me.  
Is he of Jewish faith or not?" — her head sank on his knee.

When the rabbi makes it abundantly clear that she'll break his heart if she marries a Christian, it is clear that there can be only one denouement:

The Rabbi found his only child had died for love that night.

JEROME KERN, one of the giants of the Golden Age and in many ways its founder, never exploited Jewish themes, but he was certainly under no illusion about the source of his talent. Approached to write the music for Don Byrne's *Marco Polo*, he was asked by Oscar Hammerstein how on earth he was going to treat the theme. "Here is a story laid in China about an Italian and told by an Irishman," Hammerstein said. "What kind of music are you going to write?"

Kern thought for a moment. "It'll be good Jewish music."

The Jewish influence on Tin Pan Alley was further reinforced by the tendency of music publishers to recruit young song-pluggers, called "boomers," from the synagogues of the Lower East Side. An aspiring *hazzan* was considered to have the leather lungs required for plugging songs in vaudeville shows or the music departments of stores. George Gershwin, a song-plugger at 15, once shed light on their genetic luggage. His music, said George, was a combination of New York, where he was born — the "rising, exhilarating rhythm of it" — and "centuries of hereditary feeling back of me."

One of Charles K. Harris's first songs, *Bake That Matza Pie*, introduced a fashion in Yiddish song titles that led to a host of imitators such as Irving Berlin's *Goodbye, Becky Cohen* and *My Yiddish Nightingale*. Yet, ironically enough, Irving Berlin went on to produce

*White Christmas* and *Easter Parade*, without which America's Christian holidays would now be considered incomplete. This example of sheer *chutzpa* would be hard to beat, even among the stiff competition of Jews who, like Farquhar's Sir Harry Wildair, are "privileged to be very impudent."

You may gauge the extent of Irving Berlin's audacity when you realize that not only was he incapable of reading music, but that one of his first big hits, *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, was written when he didn't even know what Ragtime was. In fact, he added in an article he once wrote for the *New York Dramatic Mirror*, "the most famous 'Ragtime' song ever written is really a slow march."

WELL, what can you expect from musical illiterates who thought *allegro* was a synonym for a chorus line? Practically every day saw the dawn of a new error. "I wrote a song called *Saskatchewan* 40 years ago," Irving Caesar recalled, "and the Provincial government later adopted it as an official anthem. It was ridiculous — I wrote about skiing and mountains, yet Saskatchewan is as flat as a pancake. You see, I'd never been there."

Albert, the younger brother of Harry (*Shine on Harvest Moon*) von Tiltzer, showed the same cavalier attitude to basic research when he wrote *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*, a catchy song which became the anthem of the sport, though he'd never even seen a game. Another happy-go-lucky Jewish lyricist was Odessa-born L. Wolfe Gilbert, who must have felt the vodka Russian go to his head when he penned *Waiting for the Robert E. Lee* with its remarkable first line, *Way down on the levee, in old Alabama*, where daddy and mommy and Ephraim and Sunny are, apparently, waiting to load bales of cotton onto the steamer. The effect is spoiled somewhat, since Gilbert had never seen a paddle-wheel steamer. He even placed the levee in the wrong state and about 150 miles from the nearest bend of the Mississippi.

But these are also rans. I would award the prize for sheer, unadulterated *chutzpa*, of the kind the Talmud compares with the dog among the beasts, the cock among the fowl, the goat among the farmyard animals and the caper among the trees, to Joe E. Howard, who first achieved fame with his 1902 song, *Hallo, Ma Baby*.

In 1908, Howard wrote the ballad for which he is best remembered, *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now* — a piece of barefaced impudence, when you consider that he was married nine times.

"AS ASA and Herschel we were Jew Boys," Al Jolson once said of his brother and himself, "as Al and Harry we were Americans." Oddly enough, in order to become American, he had to apply burnt cork liberally to his face, don a woolly wig, wear white gloves and sing Mammy songs.

Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor and George Jessel, to name only three Jewish entertainers, appeared on stage in blackface, a sort of pigment of their imagination, for a good part of their early careers. Even Sophie Tucker was originally billed as a "Manipulator of Coon Melodies" whose accent and appearance were so convincing. June Sochen wrote recently in *From Hester Street to Hollywood*, that "audiences shrieked with surprise when she removed her gloves and displayed

her white wrists and hands."

By an odd quirk of fate, *Some of These Days*, her signature tune, was written for her in 1911 by the black songwriter Shelton Brooks, even though the Jews of Tin Pan Alley virtually monopolized Mammy songs: Sam Lewis wrote *Rockabye Your Baby With a Dixie Melody* and serenaded *Dinah*; Gus Kuhn extolled the virtues of *Carolina in the Morning*; Irving Caesar wrote *Swanee* and wanted to know *Is It True What They Say About Dixie?*, while the Gershwins advised us to *Clap Yo' Hands* and then complained *I Got Plenty of Nuthin'*.

It seems to me it never wanes but it bores, yet Harry Golden thought "the South should declare a one-day holiday in honour of Tin Pan Alley and those outsiders who did more to perpetuate the legend and romance of the South than all the *Gone With The Winds* put together."

Occasionally this addition to pastiche got the toilers of Tin Pan Alley completely added. Analysing the musical elements in Gershwin's *My One and Only*, Isaac Goldberg suggested that "it begins Yiddish and ends up black." He could have said the same about Irving Berlin's 1910 *Swanee*, *Yiddle on Your Fiddle* *Play Some Ragtime*, which includes the Yiddish phrase *mine chach'le baby*.

THIS JEWISH predilection for pastiche was examined by Tony Palmer in *All You Need Is Love*, a history of popular music that appeared in book form and as a TV series a few years ago.

Palmer claimed it tainted even Mendelssohn "who alone among the great composers imitated Scottish, Italian and alien motifs," and traced the phenomenon through a century or more until he ended up with that Jewish American master of folk pastiche, Bob Dylan. For some reason, born-again-and-again Dylan pretends, with his nasal whine, primitive diction and simplistic ideas, to be an inbred native of the Southern Appalachians, yet this only seems to serve as an added attraction to his star-cruising, mad fans.

Even the popular Israeli group, *Habreira Hatitvi*, depends heavily on Hindu *ragas* of the type favoured by George Harrison's baby *star*, yet paradoxically enough, one of the most unsuccessful attempts at pastiche was *Fiddler on the Roof* in which Jerome Bock and Sheldon Harnick attempted to emulate the Jewish musical idiom of Eastern Europe. With the solitary exception of *If I Were a Rich Man*, they only came up with stereotyped Broadway show music.

Lerner and Loewe have indulged in pseudo-Scottish music in *Brigadoon*, Cockney pastiche in *My Fair Lady*, and parodied medieval English in *Camelot*, occasionally throwing in so many "my lieges" and "my ladies" that I expected the principals to break into *It Was Just One of Those Things*. Leonard Bernstein mixed his own Jewish music with Puerto Rican motifs to such an extent in *West Side Story* that I didn't know whether I was Carmen or Cohen, and parodied not only Broadway shows but Aaron Copland's American-style ballet music in *On the Town*.

Poor old Copland had enough to put up with, anyhow. While working in Hollywood, he once complained to Groucho Marx that having to write movie scores was giving him a split personality.

"That's OK," said Groucho, "as long as you split it with Mr. Goldwyn."

## THIS WEEK'S EVENTS THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM 27 SHAUL HAMELECH BLVD. TEL. 257361

NEW EXHIBITIONS (Opening on Thursday, 20.10, at 8.00 p.m.)

### FINY LEITESDORF: AN ISRAELI FASHION DESIGNER

This first exhibition of fashion at the Tel Aviv Museum will show a wide range of one of the pioneers of fashion design in Israel: 33 original creations on mannequins, jewelry, accessories, materials and photographs.

### MICHA KIRSHNER: PHOTOGRAPHS

The first museum-exhibition of one of the outstanding photographers of the younger generation active today in Israel. It comprises about 50 colour and black and white photographs which constitute a kind of microcosm of Israeli society.

### EXHIBITION

HENRY CARTIER-BRESSON — PHOTOGRAPHER

About a hundred and fifty photographs by one of the major photographers of the century which constitute a representative selection and a summation of nearly fifty years of photography. The exhibition is presented in cooperation with the International Center of Photography, New York, and was made possible by a grant from the American Express Foundation.

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A SELECTION OF ISRAELI ART FROM THE MUSEUM COLLECTION

### MUSIC ISRAELI DISCOUNT BANK

VOCAL RECITAL-YARON WINDMULLER. Baritone, with Klaus Bauer, piano. Programme: Old Spanish Songs, Brahms, Schumann. Saturday, 18.10, at 8.30 p.m. CEMBALO RECITAL — SHIMON RUKHMAN, Programme: Suites by Bach and Handel. Tuesday, 18.10, at 8.30 p.m.



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Conductor: FRANZ LAMPRECHT  
Soloists: ALEXANDRA PARRIS — soprano  
KLAUS LANGE — tenor  
BERTHOLD POSSEMEYER — baritone  
Michael Rische and Sabine Roderburg — pianos

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### SPECIAL EVENT

A MAGICIAN AT THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM, magic show with Calosin, the Fantastic Magician. Monday, 17.10, at 9.00 p.m. GREEN WING, Two performances by Irit Bluzin, combining visual accessories with body voice and movement. Wednesday, 19.10, at 9.00 p.m.

### CINEMA

Special Screening  
POSSIBILITIES OF BLUE BEARD and I, (1983, 45 min., black and white and colour), premiere screening of Rachel Hall's film. The legend of Blue Beard, lover and murderer of many women, serves as a stimulus to visual, rhythmic and vocal variations. Sunday, 16.10, at 9.00 p.m.

Special Screening of a New Italian Film  
COLPIRE AL CUORE, (Italy, 1981, in colour, Italian with English subtitles), Gianni d'Amelio's film with Jean-Louis Trintignant and Fausto Rossi. Wednesday 19.10, at 9.00 p.m.

### Regularly

YOL (The Way) (Turkey, 1982, 111 min. in colour, Hebrew and English subtitles). Awarded the Golden Palm and the International Critics' Prize, Cannes, 1982. Daily at 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 p.m.

Visiting hours: Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Friday closed. Saturday 10 a.m.-2 p.m. 7-10 p.m.; Box Office. Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Friday 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Saturday 7-10 p.m. Helena Rubinstein Art Library. Sunday, Monday, Wednesday 10 a.m.-4 p.m., Tuesday, Thursday 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-8 p.m. Circulating Exhibits (loan). Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; Tuesday 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-7 p.m. Graphic Study Room. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday 10 a.m.-1 p.m., Sales desk. Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-8 p.m., Saturday 7-10 p.m. Information desk and Box Office, Tel. 281287.

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## NETANYA ORCHESTRA תזמורת נתניה

Musical Director: Samuel Lewis  
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Herschtritt Auditorium — Wingate

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(Subscription Concert No. 1)

Under the patronage of the Minister of Education and Culture.

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Samuel Lewis (conductor), Arle Verdi (piano)

Overture "The Thieving Magpie" — Rossini

Piano Concerto No. 19 in F (K. 459) — Mozart

Ballet Music "Les Sylphides" — Chopin

Rodeo "Four Dance Episodes" — Copland

Tickets available at the Netanya Orchestra offices, Ohel Shalom (Tel. 053-25737) and at the hall on the evening of the concert. Transport to Wingate from Kikar He'atzma'ut at 7.45 p.m. We would like to thank the manufacturers of Sabra Liqueur and Helena Rubinstein Cosmetics for their help in promoting this concert.

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IT IS A rare event when a nation or a city proclaims a building to be sufficiently important to be set aside as part of the society's cultural, architectural or historical heritage.

Inexperienced in long-term planning, and sorely lacking in funds, Tel Aviv has not been fortunate enough to nurture an active historical society or heritage fund, which could find the power to save unique or special structures from destruction or misuse.

However, through the insistence and perseverance of individual citizens dedicated to a single purpose, this municipal or national inadequacy is often reversed.

Before a crowd of political notables, art collectors and friends of the family, and in the presence of President Chaim Herzog, Esther Rubin, representing the Rubin Museum Foundation, the Tel Aviv Municipality and the Tel Aviv-Yafo Municipality, formally inaugurated the Rubin Museum in honour of her late husband, the painter Reuven Rubin.

Artist and diplomat, Rubin came to Palestine as a young man during the first decade of the century from his native Rumania. Together with a handful of other artists, Rubin played a seminal role in laying the foundation for what today is termed the style of Eretz Yisrael, a mixture of light and naivete, a natural, unpretentious description of the determination, strength and devotion that characterized early Zionist settlement in Palestine.

Constructed during the '30s, the

building that comprises today's museum has maintained its spacious garden-patio, with enormous trees that not only frame the facade but lend an air of stately dignity and stability to the environment.

Behind a heavy, darkly stained wooden door, a charismatic descriptive bronze bust of the artist by Chana Orloff frames the portal through which a visitor enters the refurbished gallery halls, designed to display some of Rubin's best and most memorable works.

The first dozen or so paintings, chosen by the museum curator, Carmela Rubin (the artist's daughter-in-law), contain several major canvases including the famous "Dancers of Meron," "Succot," and loosely brushed biblical allegories.

In addition to the changing permanent collection, whose main bulk of works will be drawn from Rubin's bequest of 45 major pictures, the gallery halls will be used for lectures and recitals.

Moving up the narrow staircase to the second floor, the visitor is confronted by a small but adequate art library, a graphic art display room and a quiet, light filled, reading corner adjacent to the library. A small apartment has been set aside to house an artist or scholar in residence.

One's direct association with the artist's life finds its greatest impact in Rubin's third floor studio. In rehabilitating his working areas the museum has tried to recreate the "cool" ambience exactly as it might

## The house of Rubin



Carmela Rubin, Beit Rubin's curator and the late artist's daughter-in-law.

have been on the day of Rubin's death in 1974, even to the fine detail of replacing his last unfinished canvas on the easel. Brushes, squeezed tubes of paint, palettes laden with encrustations of dried oil paint and tools are laid out as they were when Rubin reached for them years ago.

Posters, furniture, shipping

crates, old photos and assorted memorabilia attest to the fact that Rubin, the man, was more than a painter. He was an active participant and witness to the establishment of the state.

Rubin can be considered our national artist, for during his lifetime, and to some degree after his death, he represented — either

through his paintings or through his lifestyle — the essence of the Zionist resettlement of the land and the vigour with which it was accomplished. What can be transmitted of this spirit is displayed at the new museum, (14 Bialik Street, Tel Aviv, daily 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Fridays 10 a.m.-1 p.m.)

GIL GOLDFINE

### Tel Aviv

derbelly of an Israeli problem, albeit thousands of miles away in New York. He harnesses the fierce painting style of the current wave to the returning of Sinai to the Egyptians. Reality: the map — is tied to emotion — the map's definition or description results in an expressionist war games look-alike filled with dashed borders, exploding positions (bursts of paint) and longitudinal and latitudinal coordinates.

However, despite all the dynamism and Neustein's good editorial intentions, the painting-drawings don't hold up. Neustein is too involved with the subject. It is his family and his bank manager, his past and his present, his friend and his enemy, his art and his life.

Neustein's "Maps" are motivated and directed by ideas that span too many objectives; objectives that don't let him concentrate on the essence of his work: inventive truths. (Neomi Givon Contemporary Art, 4 Natan Hachacham, Tel Aviv. Till Oct. 19. Also at the Israel Museum, Jerusalem.)

GIL GOLDFINE

### Haifa

subject is "Beings that never were"; the Sinai Desert is portrayed vividly in "Peace with Egypt"; and an effective black and white cut-out presents "Adam and Eve." The spirit of this approach reflects a national characteristic to get away from the déjà vu by making an impression on the viewer through imaginative novelty and, better still, by exploring new paths — an approach obviously emanating from and encouraged by the staff.

The staff's most original subject is "Why the sea is salty." The pupils deserve credit for the abstracted linear formulation, if not quite

original at least refreshingly unexpected.

THE STARTING point of Shmuel Raayoni's paintings is his abstract "wooden blocks" system recently shown at the Municipality and reviewed here. But there's a tremendous difference — today the entire display springs to life by means of three independent themes and colour designs meticulously elaborated and coordinated to harmonize within diversity.

The total effect is on a human scale and the impression on the viewer is one of cultivated living within a highly developed aesthetic. It's the culmination of Raayoni's years of experiment. (Beit Chagall.)

EPHRAIM HARRIS

## Second time around



Hadera Paper Mills, can come up with an offer which matches foreign companies in quality and price.

At least there is no import of waste paper into Israel by the paper-making industry today, as there used to be. The industry simply makes do with all it can get locally. The other main ingredient of paper, cellulose, does not exist here at all and has to be bought abroad. But the more waste paper we could collect here, the fewer finished paper products would have to be imported.

WHILE IT HAS succeeded fairly well through volunteerism or purchase of waste paper, Amnir believes that the long-term answer lies in governmental compulsion. The firm is currently negotiating with the Ministry of Interior for the enactment of municipal by-laws which would require citizens to separate waste paper and cartons from other garbage. No one intends that people would be prosecuted for throwing the occasional piece of paper into an ordinary garbage bin, but they would be forbidden to toss out entire stacks of paper or piles of empty boxes for the city vans to haul away.

All of us surely see the evidence of wasted paper all around us. Many office managers feel they cannot train their staffs, and particularly their cleaning help, to separate paper trash from other waste, I believe they could.

I have never understood why we are permitted to pick up new telephone directories and Golden Pages free from the post offices without being required to turn in the old ones for recycling. Nor why schoolchildren are not obliged to deposit their used copybooks in collection bins in the schools.

Amnir assures me it makes efforts to salvage any Hebrew religious texts which might accidentally make their way into its recycling bins, and turns these over to the Rabbinate for ritual burial. (There was a national scandal a few years back when yeshiva students detected the name of God imprinted on some cheap toilet paper made from recycled paper. As a result, Amnir stopped supplying the manufacturer concerned.)

AMNIR officials tell me there is a huge untapped source of recyclable wood in the pallets placed under shipments of merchandise in cardboard boxes to support them. There are millions of these discarded pallets all over the country. They say just waiting to be collected and converted into sawdust or some other usable commodity.

The possibilities are almost limitless. Or to use the words of a recent study by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, "The future of the world is in rubbish." To press this point at home, Amnir has asked Israel Television to screen a BBC film on the potential of recycling called "Cash from Trash," which some viewers may already have seen on Jordan TV.

Meanwhile, paper collection in the Greater Tel Aviv area may suffer a serious blow this winter unless the Bnei Brak municipality gets on with the job of paving the dirt track which leads into Amnir's regional collection dump. Bnei Brak apparently prepared the roadways, but hasn't gotten any farther, and Amnir fears that when the rains start, the track will become impassable to its fleet of trucks. Should this happen, hundreds — or even thousands — of usable tons of waste paper will go to waste.

Martha Meltsel

### MARKETING WITH MARTHA

Corrugated cardboard cartons pose particular problems. While this type of paper is urgently needed for making new cartons, empty cartons are more bulky than weight, and are not meant to be shoved into the narrow openings of the metal collection bins. If you are prepared to flatten out cartons, preferably tying several together with string, you may put these into the bins, or alongside the sacks in Tel Aviv.

One bit of information eased my mind: The metal staples left in cartons, newspapers and so on, are removed mechanically by magnets in the recycling process, so there is no need for concerned citizens like myself to remove them by hand.

WHERE THERE are industrial plants, supermarkets, department stores, hospitals, etc., disposing of a great quantity of cartons every day, Amnir tries to place specially large bins so that they can be dumped without flattening.

There is, however, a sharp point of contention between Amnir and the municipalities over the financing of this removal. Removing cartons is more expensive for Amnir, because a single garbage truck can carry three tons of paper but only 600 kilos of cardboard boxes. Beyond a certain quality, it becomes unprofitable for Amnir to collect cartons for free, its general manager tells me, and in some townships it has convinced the municipality to contribute to the removal cost, since it greatly cuts the amount of trash the sanitation department has to collect.

Arze Kremer of Tel Aviv, most municipalities have continued to cooperate with the association by allowing it to maintain collection bins, serviced by Amnir, although Jerusalem has made some difficulties about their placement.

WHETHER bins or sacks, there are do's and don'ts for civic-minded citizens who wish to use them. Do use them for newspapers, magazines, copybooks, books, letters, paper bags and wrapping paper, egg cartons, and small boxes from food products. Use them for cigarette packets only if you are willing to remove their cellophane wrapping and the gold or silver paper inside. Don't toss in any plastics, cellophane, metallic paper, or sticky wrappers from sweets.

EVERYONE has ideas about what he would do if he were king. If I were king, the first law I would pass would be to forbid the wanton throwing away of all household rubbish into a single trash bin. Everything would have to be sorted into different categories for different bins — organic matter, paper, plastics, glass and metal. Everything recyclable would be recycled.

In Israel today, garbage is practically synonymous with waste, since the practice of recycling has yet to catch hold here, with a few notable exceptions. We have a few small plants for turning organic waste into fertilizer, some utilization of sewage water for irrigation, and a serious but incomplete effort at collecting waste paper for recycling into new paper.

There are several stages of development in a country's production of rubbish, paralleling its overall economic development. In stage one, relatively little waste is produced — because there are barely enough products to satisfy basic needs; goods are sold in a minimum of packaging, and most containers are returned for re-use.

In stage two, prosperity and convenience take over, and the consumption process results in an enormous quantity of leftovers and empty containers which are tossed indiscriminately in the garbage bins. In stage three, there is a realization that all this waste is economically and ecologically unsound, and the concept of recycling rubbish takes hold.

Israel has reached stage two, and is showing some signs of progressing to stage three, but not fast enough. It is a pity that we could not learn from the example of more advanced countries and jump directly from stage one to stage three. But we insist on doing everything the hard way.

For instance, the amount of garbage reaching the Hiriya dump from Tel Aviv-Jaffa and the rest of the Dan Region is 10 per cent greater this year than last. The reason is "a higher level of consumption," according to Arye Kremer, who is both head of the Tel Aviv-Jaffa sanitation department and chairman of the regional municipalities' union for sewage and garbage disposal. He attributes a small part of the increase to the growing trend for throwaway containers for things such as soft drinks and eggs.

At the huge Hiriya garbage dump, some cardboard cartons are retrieved for recycling, but nearly 100 per cent of what arrives there is buried in the ground, Kremer tells me. At least nothing is burned to pollute the atmosphere.

Kremer himself is not pleased with the situation. He promises that the relevant authorities will soon issue an international tender for a plant at Hiriya which would separate garbage mechanically into recyclable categories. Eventually, he claims, 90 per cent of garbage would be reclaimed — for compost fertilizers, paper-making, glass-making, recycled plastics, etc. — and only 10 per cent would need to be buried. But this is well into the future.

More immediately on the horizon is a plan to issue a tender for collecting used glass in neighbourhood bins, the way waste paper is collected today. Phoenicia, the country's sole glass manufacturer, is expected to win the tender. A half-year trial in a few neighbourhoods in Tel Aviv has proved that householders can learn to separate

their disposable glass bottles from other garbage, Kremer says.

In a future column, I shall look into the current battle between plastic and glass bottles for potables, particularly carbonated soft drinks. I propose to devote the rest of this one to one area in which recycling is apparently succeeding — paper.

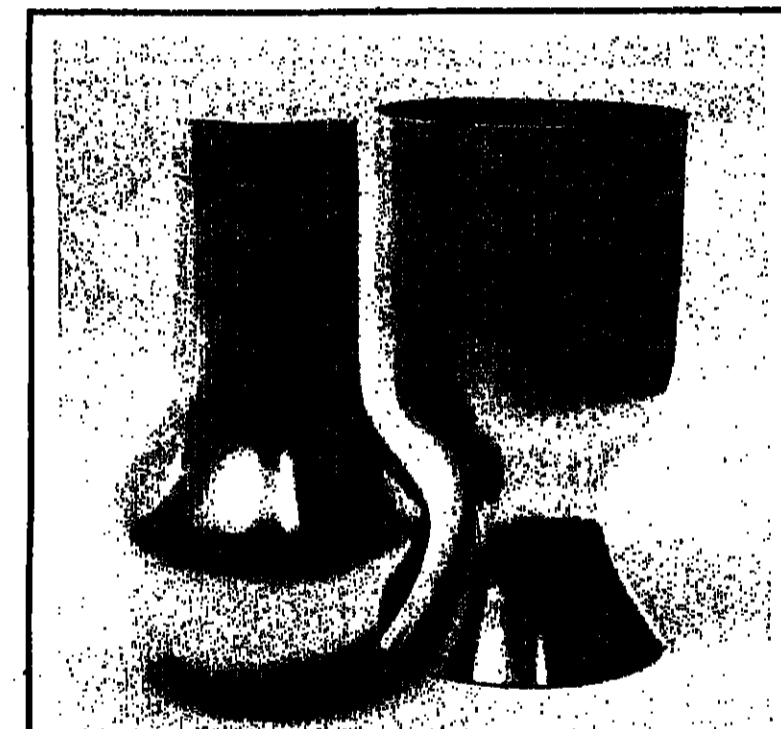
IT WAS with great glee that I welcomed the recent addition to our courtyard in Tel Aviv of a green collection sack for waste paper, put there by Amnir, the recycling subsidiary of the Hadera Paper Mills. It was with less glee that I noticed after a week that virtually the entire contents of the sack were what I had put there myself. Surely some of my dozen neighbours also read newspapers, receive letters, and buy products in paper wrappers.

I admit that I'm a bit of a nut on the subject, and for years have been transporting our household's waste paper to one of the few orange metal collecting bins of the Soldiers Welfare Association which the municipality exempted from its ban when it decided, three years ago, that they constituted a sanitary and aesthetic blot on the city's streets.

The association gets some compensation from the city for having its bins taken away, and the new sacks from Amnir are permitted to display the association's name — on the assumption that people will give paper more readily if they feel it is benefiting our soldiers and not just a private firm and the national economic effort. Under the new contract, the city will re-assess Amnir's success after three years and determine whether the company has to compensate Soldiers Welfare Association itself.

Outside of Tel Aviv, most municipalities have continued to cooperate with the association by allowing it to maintain collection bins, serviced by Amnir, although Jerusalem has made some difficulties about their placement.

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Zelig Segal: silver and gold Kiddush set (Artiques Gallery, Tel Aviv).

THE NOTED Jerusalem designer, Zelig Segal, has crafted a beautiful set of Jewish ceremonial objects for Daniella Luxembourg Editions, Art & Judaica.

Each of Segal's 14 objects (or integrated units of more than one object) is characterized by an intelligent use of sculptural form that matches its functional aspect without losing sight of the ritualistic content and need for personal use.

Created in several material variations, as limited edition multiples in sterling silver and gold and unlimited editions in silver, plate, Segal the artist and Luxembourg the entrepreneur are attempting to introduce quality designed and quality controlled products into a market that is

known for its rather lacklustre and non-descript contemporary image.

A wine goblet and a jug fit snugly into each other's curves to form a compact Kiddush set for travelling. Larger than his other objects, Segal's triangular Hanukkah lamp implies the Star of David and is coldly elegant in its open simplicity and geometric grace.

The collection's smallest object, a brass and glass mezuza, is strikingly effective, for the modernist form cannot disguise or hide the true purpose of the object. The collection also contains havdalla sets, candle-sticks, goblets, scroll cases and an etrog box. A collection worth coming to town to see. (Artiques Gallery, 21, Dov Hoz, Tel Aviv.)